

★ JOHN BULL, AUGUST 17, 1940.

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL.
LXVIII
1783

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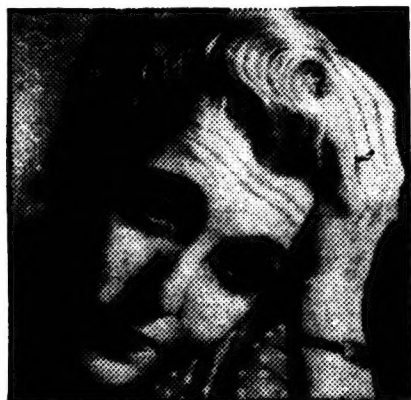
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3 LETTERS FROM PEOPLE WHO BROKE DOWN IN HEALTH



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They couldn't SLEEP...
They lost WEIGHT...

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"Following an illness I went from 10 stone 5 to 7 stone. Someone recommended Dr. Cassells Tablets—I took 2 in the day and 2 at night. I slept six hours that night... a thing I had not done for months. I put on weight. I shall always say Dr. Cassells saved my life."
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"I had a nervous breakdown. In spite of treatment I did not get any better. I bless the day I started to take Dr. Cassells Tablets. I sleep better and eat better—and no longer have pain after meals."
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TAKE
**Dr. CASSELLS
TABLETS**

AND YOU WILL
**EAT BETTER!
SLEEP BETTER!
FEEL BETTER!**



His teeth are "white lies"

Stop! You can't trust the look of those fine white teeth of his. They're white lies! There's tartar behind them. Why, oh why doesn't he use Solidox? Solidox prevents tartar. More than that, it removes tartar when it has been allowed to take a hold. The reason? Solidox is the *only* toothpaste to contain the anti-tartar ingredient, Ricinosulphate.

You know what tartar does? It forces the gums apart and encourages all sorts of dental troubles. But you needn't worry about that—if you use Solidox. Your teeth will be as white behind as they are in front—and healthy.

And, of course, Solidox is safe. It can't hurt sensitive enamel, and it's very pleasant to use too. Regular cleaning with Solidox... a periodic overhaul by your dentist... that's the way to keep teeth not merely white but safe in front and behind.



The dentist looks for tartar. He knows the insidious danger it means to sound teeth.

The dentist's mirror shows what you can't see—the coating of unsuspected tartar. Dentists know that tartar may be followed by teeth troubles. That's why they remove it. Why not use Solidox—and be sure that tartar never accumulates on your teeth?



Get Rid Of PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, Zam-Buk Suppositories are now obtainable for internal use. Antiseptic, hygienic and easy to insert, Zam-Buk Suppositories can be depended upon to give the utmost benefit. Left in position at night, they melt at bodily heat and soothe and cure while you sleep.

With Solid
"I had piles so severely I used to work in the greatest discomfort. Zam-Buk Suppositories brought almost immediate relief and soon banished the trouble."
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Zam-Buk
Price 1/3 per box.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 2/3 and 3/-.

A fine full bodied 'smoke'

If you like a tobacco with just the right amount of "kick," yet good-tempered and cool in the pipe, then try 'DIGGER'. It gives you the full, rich flavour of the choicest leaf, and is available in the form of

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YOU WANT HELP

I have helped thousands of others to achieve success in Art, Literature, Commerce, Technical Trades, etc. We teach for all careers by post. Write and tell me what interests you, and I will give you sound, fatherly advice. It costs nothing to enquire.



LET ME BE
YOUR FATHER

DEPT. 34
THE BENNETT COLLEGE Ltd., SHEFFIELD

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 17, 1940,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"



LET OUR LEADERS SPEAK NOW!

WE. Government and people, are still "flying blind." We have no clear view of our goal nor idea of how we shall attain it.

We know we are fighting for our existence, for the destruction of tyranny and the establishment of a just peace. We shall fight to the finish, whatever it costs us; we shall endure any sacrifice to wipe the horror of Hitlerism from the world.

But that—as JOHN BULL has stressed again and again—is not enough.

Tell the World!

Now, when the tide of war is lapping the Mediterranean shores, when our own land is facing the gravest threat in its history, it is more than ever essential that we should proclaim our war aims.

Not only for our own inspiration. But also to convince the world of the honesty of our endeavour.

Break with the Past

We have so much for which, in the eyes of the world, we must atone.

We must efface the memories of our past blunders, our hesitations and inefficiency, the bankrupt statesmanship that threw away our prestige.

Unless we make a bold and confident statement of what we propose to do with the victory we shall surely win, our neutral friends may be excused for thinking that we have no aims at all.

A New Europe

They must be assured that we are not fighting to restore the wretched "peace" of the last few years.

We have said "Goodbye" to the old Europe of makeshift frontiers and nationalist rivalries. We do not seek some new compromise, on the lines of the Versailles Treaty, that would sow the seeds of fresh conflict.

Britain's aim must be something finer, saner and wiser.

Nation's Demand

We must aim at a settled peace. And we must formulate our plans now.

That is the wish of the nation, voiced by intelligent men and women of all Parties and of none.

So we judge from the earnest, admirable letters that pour into JOHN BULL's offices. So we judge by the testimony of Servicemen who, instead of talking of their latest "spree," as in the last war, now discuss what shall be done with the world when it has been freed from tyranny.

Plain Duty

Those men—and women—in uniform have a right to their Government's confidence. That, indeed, is the

least that should be given them in return for their sacrifices and their courage.

The people have that right. And it should be vouchsafed to those in other lands who watch our struggle with such anxious intensity and whose help we may yet welcome.

Speak Again, Mr. Churchill!

Our new leaders have had time enough to formulate their policy. They have been entrusted with our complete confidence; never has any Government of the past been greeted with such high expectations.

They must not disappoint us. They dare not risk losing the assurance of public approval or lessen the hopes of a great nation.

Let them speak now!

Pulled Punches

But let them speak less of our enemy's difficulties and our own resources. We have heard too much of the famine that will sweep Europe and help to beat Hitler.

Too often in the past have we been lulled by Ministerial croonings about Hitler's weaknesses.

Undoubtedly he is faced with appalling difficulties. But they must not be used as an excuse for pulling our punches. We must not boast of our resources, but use them.

Burning Food

We yield to none in satisfaction at what the new Government has done in a few short weeks. But how much more remains to be done!

It is said that Argentina is now firing its locomotives with surplus wheat and has therefore cancelled its order for Welsh coal.

Why not buy the wheat for feeding stuffs to produce bacon, eggs and milk—and sell our coal in exchange?

Cracked Armour

That situation is typical of the gaps in our export programme. There are still many, many gaps in our home front.

Incredible that almost a million men are on the "dole." That the nation's wealth and man power has not yet been fully mobilised!

After a year of war, our production is still far from reaching its peak.

Extra Sixpence

"Equality of sacrifice" is but an empty phrase.

Sir Kingsley Wood's "tanner" for Servicemen gives him a good mark. But how many injustices remain upon civilians—the families of the men who spend it.

JOHN BULL's post-bag daily provides examples: Inadequate old age and Service pensions, too-high rents, food profiteering, and all the other stigmas on Britain's name!

BRIGHT SPOTS

● Barrage balloons, towed by our merchant ships, make dive-bombing impossible—so Nazi pilots have reported to Goering.

● To offset R.A.F.'s destruction of oil dumps, Germany's consumption of potatoes is to be reduced by 15 per cent. Amount saved will be used for making synthetic petrol.

● Vast forests will also be cut down—to provide wood alcohol.

● Still more important, many Nazi aerodromes in the west are being abandoned. New 'dromes, to be built farther inland, will increase petrol consumption.

● Finally, even conscript labour from occupied lands is not big enough to repair the R.A.F.'s havoc. Whole army corps have had to be placed on repair duty; German civilians forced to help for two hours each night.

● Less boasting now about Nazi motor torpedo boats. Britain has learned how to defeat them effectively, though details cannot be given.

● Moslem leaders have "de-bunked" the dictators' claims to be protectors of Islam. Italian colonial officers, as a result, fear trouble from the natives.

● Leopold of Belgium has been double-crossed by Hitler. He won't get the combined crowns of Belgium and Holland, held out to him as bribe for his surrender.

● Sabotage in Norway has begun. Many Czech factories are being held up by missing bolts and torn belts; munitions are "vanishing" from secret arsenals.

● Fear of anti-Mussolini movement among Italian monarchists has led Himmler to send further detachments of the Gestapo to Italy.

The New Poor

If there is indeed to be equality of sacrifice, then aid must be given to the shopkeepers and others to whom evacuation from coastal areas has brought grave hardship.

Why should they suffer while many people elsewhere have become more prosperous?

Orders, not Appeals

The Government has drastic powers. It has promised to use them. But it still appears to shrink from opposing the vested interests.

It should no longer "appeal" for co-operation. It should use its powers to see that all of us—big business men and little traders, private citizens and men in uniform—are told how best we can help to develop the country's resources.

These powers must be justly used and applied with discretion—and they must be used quickly!

After-War Problems

This, too, calls for clear-sighted planning. Plans for war production plans for the vital years that will follow the war's end.

We must plan every branch of industry so that it will give its most effective aid toward meeting the country's need.

We must plan for after the war. Otherwise, as Mr. Greenwood has suggested, we may be faced with the appalling spectacle of seven million unemployed!

Reform Britain!

Remember that our great rehousing scheme—biggest social reform of our times, even though it has not been fully carried out—was planned during the middle of the last war.

Even greater reforms must be outlined now. Above all, Britain must decide upon the kind of peace it wants—and let the world know.

(Continued overleaf)

"THE MONTH AHEAD MAY BE THE MOST DANGEROUS PERIOD."

Rt. Hon. Malcolm MacDonald, M.P.

£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S
FREE FOR EVERY READER

JOHN BULL

"SECRET WEAPON" IS A 'PLANE

★

WEED OUT C3 SOLDIERS!

★

LAND GAMBLERS SIT TIGHT

★

NEW PENSIONS HARDSHIP

(Continued from preceding page)

HITLER'S new "secret weapon" is the Fieseler Storch, a freak 'plane that can land in eighteen yards against the wind, in twenty-seven yards if there is no wind.

But if it arrives in your street, don't think its crew can capture the town. It holds only two or three men armed with Tommy-guns.

Though it can almost come to a stop in the air, if it alights on British soil our troops will soon put a full-stop to its tricks.

Invalids on Parade

But are we making sure that all our troops are in fighting fettle? Not yet.

Sir Gerald Hanson tells JOHN BULL of a man with varicose veins and an internal disability who was posted to the Pioneer Corps, on the second day put on a twelve-mile route march, and after a week's service is now in hospital for an operation.

Another case for which he can vouch concerns a lame man who, after a month of driving heavy Army lorries, has spent two months in hospital and has now been discharged.

Could He Shoot Straight?

Perhaps the worst example in this week's postbag is the story of a young Essex man.

His nerves are so bad that he cannot travel by train. Examined for military service, he was sent by the presiding doctor to a hospital specialist, who said he'd never make a soldier.

None the less, he's been accepted!

Volunteered—in Vain

Even fit men are still wasted.

A chef who answered the call for Army cooks has been in khaki for four months without cooking a single meal.

Workless

One company of Royal Engineers—three hundred blacksmiths, plumbers, electricians, fitters, joiners and tin-smiths—has done nothing since its return from France, apparently because its tools were lost.

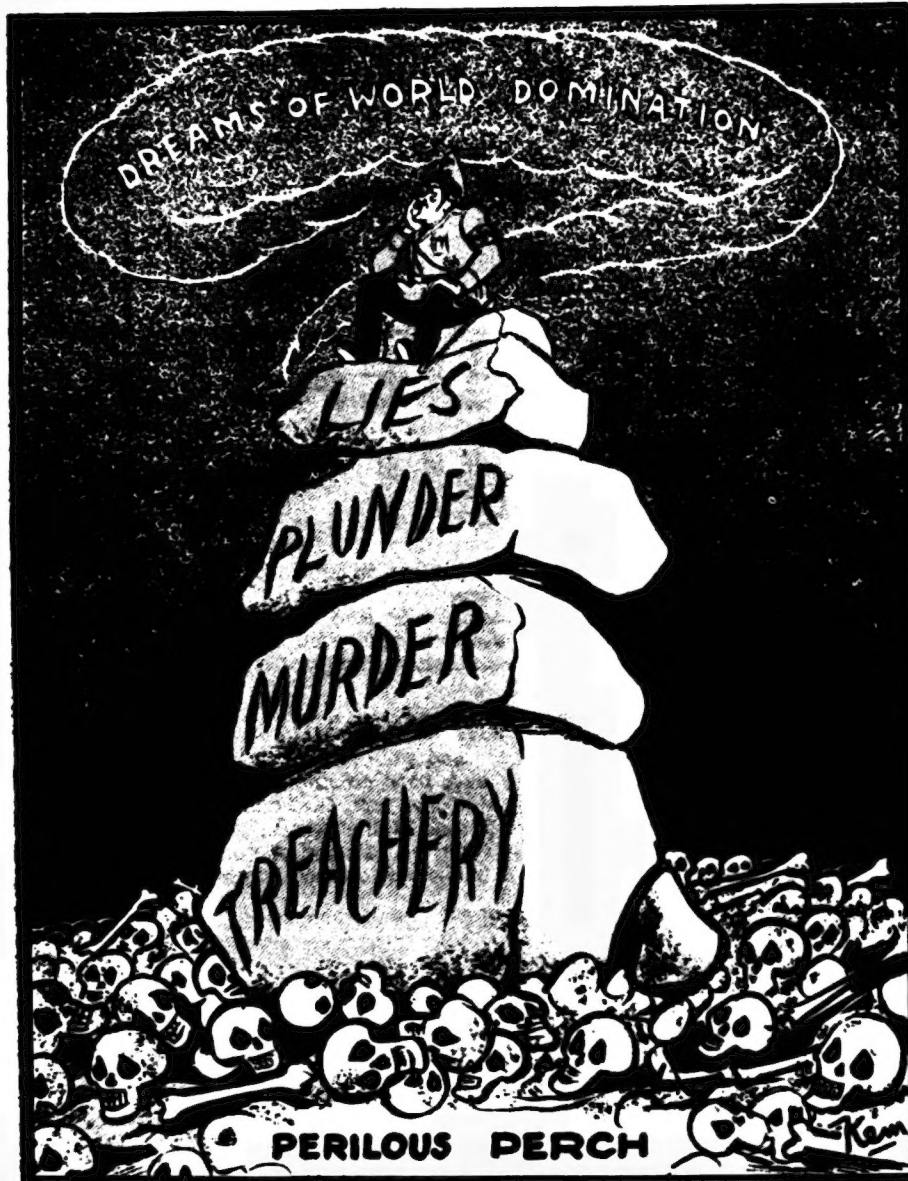
Yet the Army is supposed to be in urgent need of "tradesmen."

Tommy Would Cheer

Other ex-B.E.F. men are literally itching to return to France, for it was possible out there to escape vermin and have a bath fairly regularly.

We are disturbed, too, by allegations of insufficient food. Difficult to believe that all the men who have to spend their pay on extra rations are just being "awkward."

Most camps are well managed. A few



have inefficient commanders or quartermasters. Let those few be removed and Tommy won't have much to grumble about.

Unkindest "Cut"

Some Tommies' wives have a grievance. Their allowances have been reduced since their husbands were reported "missing."

Officialdom explains that the men are no longer making the 7s. allotment from their pay that is added to the Government allowance.

Of course they're not—being either killed or in Nazi prison camps. But the Government should see that their wives are not forced to add financial hardship to their dreadful worry.

Lifts for Servicemen

A Bradford business man, with commendable enterprise, has distributed 4,000 "Lifts for Servicemen" cards to motorists.

The card, placed on a car, signifies that the driver is willing to help soldiers, sailors or airmen on their way.

Will the War Office see that it becomes a country-wide institution?

Harvesting Hint

Most farmers stack their oats, wheat and other cereals in large barns. It would need only a few incendiary bombs to destroy their entire crop.

Wiser to distribute small stacks at distances not less than fifty yards apart.

Change of Plan

There are still many farmers, by the way, who have done nothing to prevent

enemy planes from using their fields as landing grounds.

But others, who consulted the military and were told which fields were required for trenching, have found those fields left untouched and others dug up, destroying their sowings.

Explanation is that the idea of rural fortifications has been drastically revised by the new High Command, though that's not much consolation to the farmers.

Land Sharks' Harvest

Worst enemies of the Grow-More-Food campaign are the land speculators who have big holdings round London and provincial cities.

Since their only interest in the land is to keep it for a post-war building harvest, they will do nothing to increase its fertility.

Most of their tenants are on a three months' tenancy and, having no security, cannot be expected to carry out improvements.

Remedy

Ministry of Agriculture's assistance towards the cost of drainage is useless, for these tenants cannot afford to pay their share nor to provide the labour. Fencing, too, is generally poor.

There might be a big improvement if the Ministry told the landlords that tenants must not be disturbed for three years after the war.

Disappointed

Payment of the supplementary Old Age Pensions has now begun.

Scores of thousands of old folk are

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grateful. Others, hoping to get an extra 9s. 6d. a week, have been fobbed off with 3s. 6d. owing to the Means Test.

M.P.s are going to protest that the "Test" is being operated too rigidly.

Burden on the Young

Chief grievance is that many people cannot get an extra shilling because they have a son or daughter at home who is drawing wages.

Result is that the dutiful youngster gets no chance to save, even though he (or she) may be wanting to marry.

Conscript Nurses!

Lord Davies, reformer and philanthropist, complains that many Welsh sanatoria are empty owing to lack of nurses.

Wages have been improved. But, he says, girls fight shy of working in tuberculosis hospitals.

Is there not another reason? Many of the sanatoria, near bleak mountain-sides, are far from cinemas and social life.

Doubtful if his appeal for "conscription of nurses" will be approved by the Ministry of Health.

Blood-Donors' Complaint

No less thorny a question is raised by a Liverpool reader. Volunteering to give blood to the "War Blood Bank," she was told by her employer that she could take half a day off, but must sacrifice her pay for that period.

She is willing to do the same again. "But is it fair," she demands, "that some employers do not stop a worker's pay in such circumstances and others do?"

No. Only remedy—and not an easy one—is to set up a fund to reimburse such penalised donors.

Flowers or Cabbages?

Now we'll ask a question. What is to be the winter policy for parks? Are Spring bulbs to be planted or cabbages? Many councils are uncertain.

As it is imperative that large quantities of vegetables should be available next year, gardeners might sow late-flowering tulips between the cabbages to bloom after the vegetables have been lifted.

Is It "Total War"?

Maybe it isn't true that every man, woman and child must "do their bit." For quite a lot of people who want to help are being turned frostily away.

A man of sixty-four, with long banking experience, applied for a clerk's job in an arsenal. Sent from one employment exchange to another, he was eventually informed that the age limit was sixty.

But couldn't he release a younger man for the Fighting Forces?

Chuckle-headed

An Edinburgh butcher was sent more pork by the Ministry of Food than he could sell. So, to prevent its waste, he cured it and sold it as bacon—and has been fined £3 for doing so!

Some are Lucky—

Some borough councils are giving their staff a war bonus. Others, including wealthy Bournemouth, are not.

Only fair that the Whitley recommendation should be made compulsory—and general.

We'll Tell You

Letters still avalanche into our Free Advice Service, seeking information on war allowances and regulations, mortgages, pensions, rents, and every pose that life and knowledge can devise.

We're happy to receive and answer them. But—please send a stamped addressed envelope with your query!

THE WORLD WE MUST BUILD

It has been said that we are crusaders in this world war; that we are fighting to deliver "the Holy Land" of human freedom from the Nazi infidels.

We believe that; at least, inasmuch as our Great Empire is unselfishly resolved to break the power of the world's oppressors.

But no crusade is worth so much as the creed which inspires it, and Britain's creed has not yet been stated in simple terms that all can understand.

Our leaders, as we point out on page 3, have never said *exactly* what we are fighting for, or made it plain that, when we have won the war, we shall be ready to work with every willing people for the building of a better and a happier world.

Plans for this "better world" ought to be in preparation here and now. It is true that we cannot yet plan the future map of Europe, but we can plan for our country.

There is no profit in war itself, for war is nothing but a vast enterprise of demolition, costly and heartbreaking—and useless, too, unless nobler edifices can be raised upon the cleared sites of old and rotten structures.

Heaven knows we needed some "slum clearance" of property and mind here in these islands. Now is our supreme chance both to clear and to rebuild.

It seems to JOHN BULL that some of our leading men have a false conception, both of the old world we lived in before the war and of the new one we hope to live in after victory is won.

Lord Gort, for instance, trying, we suppose, to analyse the causes of this war, or perhaps, of all wars, said in a broadcast the other day that he feared we had been living too softly.

He said that: "In pursuit of material gain and, possessing, as so many did, a pleasant life, plenty of relaxation, and not too long hours of toil," we have been "apt to forget that the strength of Britain in the past has been built up on service—service to God, service to our country, and service to our fellow men."

Those well-meant platitudes made us angry. For the truth is, not that so many of us "possessed a pleasant life," but that so few of us had any reasonable margin between necessity and comfort.

Not that a majority had leisure to spare, but that millions of ordinary men and women were toiling laboriously for paltry wages, and at least two million more were eating their hearts out in enforced idleness on next-to-nothing a week.

But that is not all. JOHN BULL believes emphatically that a well-organised world *could* provide ample leisure and ample pleasure for *all* its citizens.

We assert that service to God and to the country and to our fellow men can be, and ought to be, a happy and an easy service.

We deny with our utmost vigour that the people of this country had grown "soft," or that it had even had an opportunity of doing so.

On the contrary, our working men and women have displayed courage and tenacity to match the valour of the Fighting Services.

And we agree with Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, that one of our main peace aims must be to provide work for every willing worker.

"Never again," said Mr. Alexander, "must the unemployed become the Forgotten Men of the Peace."

He wants to build a new Britain just as we do. Talk of decadence comes only from the croakers and the pessimists, who are, most of them, too old to fight and too comfortable to understand that *we* are not fighting for *their* continued ease, but for a new freedom, wider and more honest than we have yet known.

J. B. Priestley, whose recent broadcasts have been inspiring in their simple appeal to the better nature of our fighting race, referred the other day to a young pilot, summoned suddenly from his respectable and safe civilian occupation, and now facing all the desperate hazards of modern air warfare.

This unnamed hero may never want to go back to a humdrum job again. Or he may be unfitted to take one. Or—still gloomier thought—there may be no suitable job open to him when the war is over.

What are we going to do for the boys who are doing men's work to-day? How shall we thank them for defending our country and saving our lives and preserving our property?

After the last war we promised in a grand phrase that has been reduced to ridicule by unfulfilment, to make Britain a land "fit for heroes to live in."

God forbid that, after this one, we should live to see the frustration of more millions of young lives; that we should think to discharge debts of blood and honour with a cheap gratuity; and that we should cling to mean and selfish advantage at our brothers' expense!

We need a new and positive and fighting creed to support us in our great crusade against the powers of darkness.

JOHN BULL does not want to preserve "democracy" as we have known it: it wants to safeguard a grand principle without refurbishing its dingy trappings of vacillation, timidity, orthodox procedure and delay.

We have been stripping it of these trappings bit by bit ever since the war started. We have been forced by hard and tragic facts to call self-made men into the Cabinet. We have been obliged to make ability and character the test for promotion in the Fighting Services.

We have rallied labour to the cause of national service under the pledge that the working man shall not be exploited.

We have begun to reclaim our wasted land because we have at last begun to realise that those who work the land are entitled to a fair and proportionate reward.

The war and nothing but the war drove us to make these great social and economic advances, but there are some among us who believe that, when the war is won, it will be possible to retreat to our old positions.

They are mistaken. The Empire's will to victory is bound up in the resolve to secure a lasting and a happy peace.

Just as we shall destroy the power of the Nazis and the Fascists, so we mean to destroy the selfish tyranny of high finance and the bleakly stupid oppression of class privilege.

We are the Crusaders of the Twentieth Century. We are sworn to destroy the infidel host that has over-run a Continent beneath the false cross of the Swastika.

And when we have fulfilled this solemn oath we shall find no surer foundation for our "brave new world" than the acceptance of that high and ancient command: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."



Mr. J. B. Priestley's broadcasts are as cheerful as this photograph of himself and his young son. Let us all help to build a cheerful new world for this boy and every other child!

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Don't Let Them Use Your Brains!

THERE was once a French king who said: "The State? I am the State!" This profoundly mistaken view of his responsibilities eventually cost him his head.

There are a whole lot of people around just now who have got an equally wrong view of things. They are not kings. They are just ordinary men and women, citizens of this country, members of this great democracy, just people like ourselves.

They are not going around saying, "I am the State." They are, in fact, saying just the reverse. They are saying, "The State? I am not the State!"

And this is just where they make the mistake of their lives, because they are the State. That is the very essence of the meaning of the word Democracy.

If there is any basis at all for the idea of Democracy it is just this—that everything is done on the assumption that the individual can think for himself, make up his own mind, decide for himself, and judge for himself.

Yet there really are thousands and thousands of people who have allowed themselves to get into a lamentable habit of mind, who sit waiting to be told just what to do, when to do it, and even how to do it.

If they're not told every minute of every day they propose just to sit around in a state of pathetic bewilderment.

Since in this country things are not done according to a set pattern; since people's lives are not ordered according to a set routine; since we can think what we like and say what we like; it is obvious—or should be obvious—that those in authority can say what they would like done and very largely be compelled to leave it to us to decide how it is done.

That is the compliment a democracy pays its citizens. It recognises their ability to think and assumes they will use that ability.

Don't take this lightly.

It is a great responsibility that rests on each individual's shoulders, for only if each and every one does think, does judge, and does decide, can there continue to be a truly democratic way of life.

Never surrender to anyone the right to use your own brains.

The moment you do that, you are no longer free.

HE SELLS LIVES

Hitler, even in war,
cannot resist the loot
for releasing Jews
from the hell he has
made their lives
says

RAYMOND GEORGE

JEWES are still escaping from Germany. Now that the roads to civilisation through Holland, Belgium, France and Scandinavia are blocked they are trekking for America through Russia. Those who are lucky manage to sail from Vladivostok.

It is the newest phase in the shuffling back and forth across the world of this tragic new race of various nationalities that has grown to millions.

Break-up of the old Russian and Austro-Hungarian empires in 1918 set the first big batches of refugees adrift.

Last September there were 450,000 stateless Russians in Europe and Asia.

Then 350,000 Armenians, some from Russia, some from Turkey, represented an immense problem for the League of Nations.

Some were settled in South America, some, though considerably fewer, were admitted as immigrants to the U.S.A. The Armenian problem is still in the main unsolved.

Several million Jews came from the vague lands between pre-war Poland and pre-war Soviet Russia. Many had wandered westwards from Russia during the throes of the Revolution and the Civil War, and had added to the already considerable Jewish minority in Poland.

Finally came the Hitler terror in Germany and the great new refugee problem created by the exile and flight of hundreds of thousands of Germans, both Aryan and non-Aryan.

Hitlerism created a legal dilemma for the League of Nations. He only withdrew German nationality from a small proportion of the Germans who had fled abroad.

Remainder are neither German nor non-German. They cannot acquire a new nationality because they have not legally lost their former status.

Dr. Schacht, Hitler's chief financial expert and formerly head of the Reichs-

bank, who for years was the stool-pigeon of the Fuehrer, worked out a cunning plan for fleecing German refugees of all their possessions.

He also planned to use the rich American Jews, naturally anxious to secure the release of their friends and relatives in Germany, for the purpose of financing Germany's trade abroad.

Refugees were only allowed to leave Germany after paying an exorbitant *Fluchtsteuer* (refugee tax).

If a German or German-Jewish doctor had a fortune of 100,000 marks, 94 per cent. of this was taken from him as the condition of his release. And the remaining 6,000 marks could only be taken out of Germany in German goods!

FINANCIAL blackmail of German Jews who wish to escape from Germany continues, even during the war, and the fact that there are many in Germany who are willing to surrender all their possessions as the price of freedom is still cynically exploited by the Nazis.

The war, of course, tragically interrupted the existing schemes for the migration and settlement of hundreds of thousands of refugees.

The United States were taking a total of 27,500 immigrants annually, many of whom travelled in American steamers.

Canada and Australia were taking fairly large contingents. The British Government had financed a scheme for the settlement of several thousands in British Guiana.

Now outside Great Britain—which, of course, is barred to refugees from Germany until the end of the war—only three places are left in the entire world to which European refugees can go with some certainty of being accepted.

One of them, curiously enough, is Shanghai.

The international settlement in Shanghai enjoys a kind of autonomy. No visa is required on foreign passports. Any refugee is admitted there, provided he can prove possession of at least 400 United States dollars.

Another haven is the little republic of San Domingo. General Trujillo, dictator of this country, has made a deal with a number of American financiers, who have founded a company for the settlement of refugees under the name of the Dominican Settlement Corporation of New York. Large tracts of land are being placed at the disposal of settlers from Europe.

THE Blitzkrieg in Europe since May 10 has created an entirely new problem.

In addition to the hapless fugitives from Germany who had settled in the Low Countries, and who fled from Holland and Belgium into France as the German armies advanced, there are enormous Belgian and French refugee populations who fled before the invader and are now huddled in the unoccupied region of France.

In the territory administered by the Petain government there are 800,000 or 900,000 Belgians, several thousand Dutch and British, and between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 French, in addition to the normal French population.

Pestilence and famine threaten, and a typhoid epidemic is feared as a result of the insanitary congestion of these millions of people.



Smiling child refugees who did not realise that they were joining a tragic new race without country or home

In Great Britain there are at present between 25,000 and 30,000 war refugees from Europe, all of whom have arrived in this country during the past three months.

Of these people 15,000 are Belgians, 2,000 are Dutch, 2,400 are Polish, 3,000 are French, and the rest are a sprinkling of all nationalities, including, of course, a number of Germans.

A committee has been formed to co-ordinate the activities of a number of other refugee bodies, and this committee is now working overtime to find homes and employment for these homeless and temporarily stateless people.

SOME of the war refugees in Britain are billeted on civilians, who receive for them a billeting allowance of a guinea a week. Others are housed in Government shelters.

In London and other cities the Government have requisitioned empty houses and filled them with little self-governing communities of refugees, usually of the same nationality. They draw their own rations, cook and clean and scrub, and live more or less comfortably with the aid of beds and chairs and tables and cooking utensils borrowed from friendly neighbours.

When the war is over many of these war refugees will return to their own countries.

But in the case of millions of other homeless people the question can only be solved by large-scale migration and large-scale settlement.

It will be one of the biggest problems of the peace.

On page 22 JOHN BULL announces a Presentation of vital interest at this moment.

It is "THE FIRST YEAR OF WAR IN PICTURES." Here in this book of 320 pages and nearly 500 remarkable living photographs is a vivid narrative showing all the unforgettable events of these twelve historic months.

It is available to readers at an astonishingly low privilege price, but instant application is essential. Turn to page 22 and post the Order-Label to-day.

VEST-POCKET DIAMONDS

REFUGEES from Holland are walking about with thousands of pounds' worth of uncut diamonds in their pockets—yet unable to pay their way.

The two companies which dominate the diamond industry—de Beers and Consolidated Diamond Mines—have had to postpone consideration of a dividend on their preference shares.

Yet what a paradox! Many London jewellers have waiting lists of people anxious to buy diamonds of four carats or more.

The biggest gems are twice their pre-war value. Diamonds that used to cost from £250 to £2,500 are up by anything from 40 to 55 per cent.

And all the time faint-hearts—knowing little about the capacity of British arms to defend them—clamour to change their British money into white stones in which inner fires smoulder.

* * *

The world's super-luxury industry has indeed been thrown into chaos by the events of the last twelve months.

Millions and millions of pounds' worth of uncut diamonds lie unwanted in the strong-rooms of the banks and safe deposits of Britain for lack of skilled hands to cut them.

Properly cut, they would command a ready sale among people who are always thinking in terms of a get-away when there is danger about.

But who will cut them? Amsterdam and Antwerp had 10,000 skilled diamond operatives when the war broke out.

They fled before the Nazi dive-bombers, taking their wealth with them.

A thousand or so are known to be in Portugal, a hundred or so in Spain, fifty or more in France, perhaps a hundred in Britain.

The rest? Nobody knows where they are. Many must be dead. Diamonds don't buy security!

Of the uncut diamonds, which are the raw material of this dazzling trade, 98 per cent. are sold in London. Always were, always will be.

The only hope for the thousands of skilled cutters distributed about the Continent is that they can get to London, where the uncut stones are.

But what can London do with its gigantic supplies, with only fifty cutters of her own—and a hundred refugee cutters at most?

* * *

Germany has more than a thousand cutters. For years she has been striving to build up big diamond centres at Hanau, Oberstein-Idar and Pforzheim.

But if those men want to keep in practice they should try their hands at glass-cutting—for not a diamond is reaching them.

The British blockade is seeing to that. Strange, indeed, is the position of this most "luxury" of all industries.

Where its raw material is there are no skilled operatives to turn it into gems of great price.

Where you find operatives you don't find uncut stones.

Meanwhile, the price of cut diamonds mounts and mounts. The eyes of Customs officials grow keener and keener as efforts to smuggle gems abroad get more cunning and determined.

* * *

And refugee diamond dealers walk about London with diamonds worth scores of thousands—or safe deposit receipts for the same—in their waistcoat pockets.

Will they be millionaires when the war ends? or, unable to meet the liabilities contracted when they took over the gems, will they be paupers?

They don't know. Many are wondering about the next meal.

Diamonds have always spelt Misery as well as Happiness.

OPEN LETTERS

Speed Up War-and-Work Plans! Child Alien Lodged in Jail: War Office Duns the Bereaved: Farmers Told to Waste Food: Home Guards Not Wanted: A.F.S. Red Tape

Sir WALDRON SMITHERS, M.P.,
Knockholt, Kent

DEAR SIR.—I, too, think that disciplinary action should be taken against those responsible for the harsh treatment of interned aliens.

A well-known foreign journalist, now released, tells me that the younger warders behaved as callously as the Nazis he knows so well.

His ten-year-old son was left alone in a prison cell for twenty-four hours.

Another schoolboy has been sent to Canada; his father is to be deported to Australia.

I could tell of dozens more such unnecessary cruelties. Their perpetrators must be punished!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. GOEBBELS,
History's Greatest Liar

HERR DOKTOR.—Your own worst enemy, you never know how to temper your lies with discretion. So, when your radio proclaims that the Port of London has had to be closed because of German air blockade, you merely look a fool.

I'll make a bargain with you. Let neutral journalists tell the truth about the amount of food in Berlin shops and I'll see that neutrals are allowed to describe the busier-than-ever wharves on Thameside.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman WM. MILES,
Mayor of Southend

YOUR WORSHIP.—Confound your decision that the very poor shall be fined just as much as the rich for black-out offences!

A man has lived on 3s. a week for a month. His wife is in hospital, his children evacuated. Worry and lack of food affected his mind so that he didn't know he had left a light showing.

But you fined him £3—same amount as that imposed on a hotel manager.

I do not seek to excuse black-out offences. But I maintain that people of means should be fined far more heavily than those who have only a few shillings on which to live.

The MAYOR AND CORPORATION,
Reckdale, Lancashire

GENTLEMEN.—Allow me to salute you for granting free travel on the town's buses for soldiers, sailors and airmen.

May this be another example of "What Lancashire does to-day, Britain will do to-morrow."—JOHN BULL.

Lord WOOLTON,
Minister of Food

MY LORD.—The first penalties for food wasting should be levied on your own Ministry.

Farmers are still being officially advised to throw "surplus" butter down the drain or use it for the pig trough.

To the public that finds the butter ration pitifully meagre, this muddle is one of the most infuriating of the war.—JOHN BULL.

The TIMBER CONTROLLER,
Ministry of Supply

DEAR SIR.—Unless a Durham firm can get timber permits for its important aerodrome work it will have to shut down.

And unless some of your dilly-dally officials are made to move a little faster I shall do my best to get your Department shut down.—JOHN BULL.

Lord WEIR,
Director-General of Explosives

MY LORD.—South African experts on explosives have been invited here to assist our war drive. But they are left to stand about a factory with nothing to do; no accommodation has been provided nor even advice on finding lodgings.

You will agree that to make them feel unwanted is neither hospitable nor wise.—JOHN BULL.

General Sir ALAN BROOKE,
Commander-in-Chief, Home Forces

DEAR GENERAL.—I am glad that, following my criticism, you are clearing out the aged incompetents from the Home Guards. You'll have no difficulty, I imagine, in replacing them with better men.

One ex-C.Q.M. sergeant, a crack shot, has tried four times to join the Nottingham Home Guards. Like so many other experienced volunteers, he is apparently unwanted.

As for equipment, many Home Guards have not been issued with steel helmets, though they can buy them privately for 11s. 6d. each. Why are shops allowed supplies if the Army hasn't enough?—JOHN BULL.

Wing-Commander E. J. HODSOLL,
Inspector-General, A.R.P.

DEAR SIR.—When a Twickenham house caught fire a neighbour ran to the A.F.S. post near by. The officer-in-charge said he could do nothing until instructed by the regular fire brigade, whose engine did not arrive until twenty minutes later.

Result: the house was burnt out.

If you can end this stupid regard for red-taped regulations, you may save many lives.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. TAYLOR,
Director of Services, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR.—You will smooth many wrinkled brows by granting a little more money to landladies who billet men from your training centres.

For 19s. a week they have to provide breakfast, tea, supper (with full board on Sundays), launder the man's clothes, and soon will be meeting a big coal bill. Hardly enough in these dear days!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, M.P.,
Minister Without Portfolio

DEAR SIR.—No doubt of the success of your emergency plans for speeding up war production. No question that you and your colleagues have done more in three months than the last Cabinet did in eight.

But the public is not yet content. Nor, I imagine, are you.

More than eight hundred thousand of our people are still workless. You will not suggest, as the previous Government so often did, that they are "unemployables."

Indeed, unemployment has risen because luxury trades have been shut down too quickly. They should have been allowed to continue until their workers could be absorbed into more essential industries.

There is as yet no comprehensive and watertight planning of the nation's man-power.

One of the biggest railway works in Britain has millions of pounds' worth of machinery lying idle. Its skilled workers are being sacked.

Some are lucky enough to get a job at trench-digging. But they should be making tanks and guns.

Even arms workers are being put on short time or actually "stood off"!

It is said that a million women are wanted for war work. But many are being turned away from employment exchanges without a word of excuse.

You are, I know, preparing for post-war reconstruction. But not all social improvements should be left till peace is restored.

Some of the £7,000,000 road schemes, if put into operation now, would strengthen our defences and increase the nation's wealth.

Export trade is increasing. But too slowly. The vast export drive necessary for the defeat of Hitlerism is still no faster than the crawl of a crippled tortoise.

As chairman of the Production Council, that welds the energies of such first-rate Ministers as Mr. Bevin, Mr. Morrison and Lord Beaverbrook, you have brought us through the "emergency" created by the last Government's sloth.

You have started the wheels of our war production. Now you must speed them up to their limit.—JOHN BULL.



IF YOU WERE A SHOPKEEPER

EASY to imagine what an uproar there would be if employers held up payment of wages, even for one week!

Yet hundreds of thousands of wage-earners and employers alike—and usually the better-off ones—are keeping back the earnings of their grocers, butchers, bakers, and other small shopkeepers.

Most are just slow to pay their bills. But some take advantage of war legislation not to pay at all.

The slow payer, the defaulter, the effects of evacuation, rationing, price-control and economy are dealing hosts of "little men" paralysing blows.

London Traders' Defence League tells pitiable stories of their plight.

When evacuation was at its height thousands were compelled to put up their shutters. Customers vanished overnight; many, hard-hit themselves, forgetting to pay their bills.

When many evacuees returned these shopkeepers had no capital left to start again.

Many others who have managed to hold out now live from hand to

mouth, wondering how to meet their commitments. Large numbers of credit customers, either through thoughtlessness or real difficulty, expect longer credit than before.

But the shopkeeper has to pay up. His credit was never shorter than now.

The Government must have taxation money to win the war. The big tax-paying manufacturer puts the pay-up screw on the wholesaler. The wholesaler on the shopkeeper.

Many of these small men of business have to meet their accounts every week. The newsagents are a case in point. Yet it is only recently that this deserving class has generally even charged the odd copper for delivery.

Every trader has the legal right to charge for delivery. Also to refuse credit.

That the vast majority do not exercise that right is something every credit customer should be thankful for and should show gratitude by promptly paying bills.

Every account sent in more than once means unnecessary labour, paper wastage, and postage.

Millions of credit customers are the well-to-do who enjoy credit as a matter of course, or organised workers whose wages are standardised at the highest possible level.

The little men of business from whom credit is expected have no such privileges. Their charges are kept as low and not as high as possible.

As one-man traders or employers they have no right to unemployment insurance. If ruin comes they must pack up their pride and seek help from the Unemployment Assistance Committee.

Greatest of all is the loss of custom in the evacuation and defence zones from Scotland to Devon. In some seaside towns shopkeeping has almost ceased to exist.

Here, and everywhere, the nation owes a debt to them and to those fortunate enough to be in a position to carry on.

Only way to discharge that debt is for customers to pay cash whenever they can, and, when they can't, to meet their bills promptly.

No longer can the truth about Germany's plight be hidden from the world. Disease, hunger and crime are beginning to show through the bombast, says

RICHARD CHARTERIS

THE Nazis' biggest bluff—the biggest in history—is about to be called. For over five years the world fell for it.

This was the one job they pulled off supremely well—and much anxiety it has caused us.

They conceived a specialised form of propaganda, which I prefer to call the propaganda of social and industrial camouflage, and success came to them, surprisingly, far beyond their expectations.

Those who perceived the goal towards which they were working were deeply perturbed at the formidable war machine that was being forged to disrupt and smash the lives of all decent and peace-loving men.

The machine was indeed formidable, the machine forged for the forefront of the battle; but its power and continued energy depended on other machines—social and industrial.

It was on these that the Nazis bent all their energies in the great game of camouflage, in a successful endeavour to hide their inner weaknesses, and present them to the world as machines functioning with the old Prussian precision.

But now the fabrics of the deception are being ripped away one by one.

The tricks and theatricalities are being revealed.

The vital machinery behind the main war engines are now being shown up for what they are.

The research of many scientific, industrial and economic experts has been

Heil Hunger!

devoted to this work, in the years preceding the war and since the battle has been joined.

Some extraordinary things have been discovered. The whole organisation of the country for war has got out of gear.

There are continual improvisations and breakdowns behind the scenes that strike at the very heart of the country, the morale, health and energy of the people.

The Nazis have plumped for 100 per cent. mechanisation—but they have not yet realised that human beings are not machines. The undue stresses and demands made upon the people are making marked inroads physically and psychologically.

GERMANY'S death-rate has increased markedly, the birth-rate fallen.

Drunkenness is on a sweeping upward curve, the diseases of the mind have doubled during the last five years, and there are grave increases in the numbers suffering from tuberculosis, puerperal fever, food poisoning, and other diseases.

The figures for rickets in children are appalling. At Dortmund 55 per cent. of the children are stricken, and at Munich the hardly credible percentage of 96.4.

These figures have all been culled from standard German compilations devoted to these statistics.

In some of the schools there are truly pitiable pictures, notably at Munich, of one child in seven, not just with rickety tendencies but with the bulbous forehead, pale face and bowed legs.

In 1933, just before Hitler came to power, there were throughout the Reich 77,340 cases of diphtheria. In 1937 the number had risen to 146,733.

Under the Nazi régime, infantile paralysis has rapidly increased; 29,830 cases of scarlet fever were recorded in 1933; four years of Hitler's rule pushed these up to 117,544.

Many of these huge increases in disease are undoubtedly due to inferior food.

For four years the nation has been trained to accept substitute goods as the normal thing.

DR. ROBERT LEY, Leader of the Labour Front, pronounces: "It is everyone's duty to keep healthy," but he and his master have discovered that a nation can be ordered to keep healthy on ersatz food, but it is outside their power to obey.

They chose guns instead of butter.

And since 1935 there has been a big decline in the consumption of fowls, eggs, lard, margarine, potatoes, rye, flour, beans, peas, cauliflowers, cabbage, tomatoes, spinach, lettuce, pears, plums, peaches, and all southern fruits,



Don't believe that all Nazi youth is as healthy as this photograph of German girls is intended to suggest! Rickets, infantile paralysis and tuberculosis are almost incredibly rife.

Many of the articles in the above list have been limited by law. Anyhow, the people have not been able to afford the foods they were accustomed to before Hitler's régime.

When the real food shortage hits the nation as a result of our ever-tightening blockade a cry will go up to the world from Germany that we are monsters, bent on starving innocent women and children.

But in reality the real criminals will have been the leaders of this modern Germany, who forced the principle of guns for butter, and all that it implied, upon a sheep-like people.

AS the veils that have been employed to conceal the real Germany are torn aside, the appearance of real inner strength begins to fade. Unpleasant facts of life in the Third Reich throw back their eloquent picture.

The shameful fact comes to light that obscenity is one of the readily accepted methods of propaganda.

This conception was born in the diseased mind of the bull-necked stastistic sadiet, Julius Streicher. His newspaper, *Der Stürmer*, each number of which would be seized here as being a vile indecency, is posted up on official orders at every street corner and in every station and waiting-room.

Sometimes teachers are ordered to read articles, particularly those pillorying Jews, to their pupils.

Special highly coloured books, "primers of learning," from the Streicher presses, are sold to the children, the contents being of such a dis-

gusting nature that one would imagine the teachers and the children themselves would revolt.

Not only bodies are being harmed, but the German mind is being maimed.

Unbelievable as it may seem, Streicher's productions chime with the State policy, which encourages the stimulation of the sex impulse.

Since Hitler imposed his will on the nation, science has been laid in ruins. Medical research and scientific enquiry have been stultified.

More than 10,000 valuable Jewish doctors were lost to the Reich by the Fuehrer's edict.

Only 38,000 are now left, and as one-third have gone to the Army, the medical needs of the people are shockingly served.

ONE can well understand the special pardon and concessions offered to Jewish doctors abroad before the war if they returned to give their services to Germany.

It is believed that Hitler was greatly annoyed and surprised that none availed themselves of this august offer.

As the war develops, this shortage of trained medical men will play its not unimportant part in breaking the Nazi war machine.

Dr. Martin Gumpert, a practising surgeon and physician, who was head of a clinic in Berlin, has gathered, with the help of many trained men, these factors together, drawing them exclusively from Nazi sources and medical statistics in technical German publications.

His researches—now published in book form, "Heil Hunger" (Gollancz)—reveal many of the Nazi problems that are distressing them at the moment, and reveal, too, why Germany was so anxious to camouflage these uncomfortable secrets from the world.

They pose, too, the serious after-war question of how the world will tackle the problem of a generation afflicted with a crippled psychology, a whole nation mentally maimed by the monsters Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels, Goering, Streicher, and their kidney.

Widow's Gratitude for Air Raid £100

The practical value of our Free Air Raid Insurance is well illustrated by a letter received from Mrs. Alice M. Silom, who recently lost her husband during a raid on East Anglia.

Here is her letter:—

"I wish to express my gratitude for your promptness in dealing with my claim under your Free Air Raid Insurance, also for your kind sympathy. I gratefully acknowledge receipt of cheque for £100. Please convey my sincere thanks to your representative for his great kindness and tact."

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader a £200 Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, in addition to Comprehensive Household Benefits.

Registered readers automatically qualify for these benefits without the necessity for re-registration unless they have changed their address or new agent. Readers who have not yet registered can use registration forms from past issues or obtain them on application to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

NATURALLY, the bright little girl pictured here is proud of her two soldier brothers.

So is her father—one of those unfortunate men who, owing to heart trouble, can only take light work. He had to give up a recent job in a camp because it proved too arduous, and is still receiving medical attention.

Imagine his worry at trying to keep his family of five on a Means Test allowance, even though his wife does the best she can!

Mr. Proctor is an abstainer and non-smoker. Will you send something to help him?

Donations should be earmarked "Trier" and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously and under various pseudonyms.



THEIR FLAG IS VICTORY

None are more confident of British victory than the Allied governments that have been set up in London. And they are helping to achieve it by arms and supplies!

Dutch planes, marked with a large orange triangle, are working with planes of the British Coastal Command. Many more Dutch pilots are completing their training on British planes.

Most of the Dutch Navy was in the East Indies when Hitler swept into Holland. The smaller North Sea fleet managed to bring most of its warships to Britain, where it is collaborating with the Royal Navy.

Dutch sailors the other day earned the gratitude of the people in a south-east town by shielding with their bodies a group of children caught in the streets during a bombing raid.

There is not much that the quiet Dutch officials do not know about events in occupied Holland.

They learn that Dutch workmen have been given heavy terms of imprisonment for alleged signalling to R.A.F. planes.

They learn also that Dutch clergymen have been defying Gestapo threats by including banned information in their sermons.

Yes, the Dutch will prove an uncomfortable handful for Hitler. A high Dutch official told me this week:

"All the Dutch Ministers are greatly impressed by the way Great Britain has stood up to the moral strain in the last two months. We know this is going to be a bitter struggle, but none of us have any doubt as to the outcome."

* * *

Thousands of Norwegian recruits, training under canvas in the north of Scotland, say that Britain reminds them of their own country, especially when it rains.

They are in good heart and supremely confident, but Norwegian seamen dislike having to be home early because of curfew regulations. Well, the restriction upon them will soon be relaxed.

Like the Dutch, who have just started their own newspaper in Britain, the Norwegians have a daily news bulletin printed in Norwegian.

They also have a unique news service broadcast to all Norwegian ships on the high seas, and soon they'll publish a weekly newspaper as well.

The Norwegian Parliament, under its Premier, Hr. Johan Nygaardsvold, meets regularly in Cornhill, London.

Hr. Nygaardsvold does not take his enforced exile tragically. He was an exile before, in the United States, where he worked as a platelayer and engineer to gain experience.

King Haakon, six-foot-four sailor king of Norway, and his son, Prince Olaf, are guests at Buckingham Palace.

Both work very hard to maintain continuous contacts with their Ministers and Norwegian commercial interests, represented chiefly by the huge Norwegian whaling fleet in British ports.

The whaling season lasts from November to March, and most of these ships will soon be putting to sea again for the common cause. They usually catch about 250,000 tons of oil.

All Norwegians in Britain, between the ages of twenty-two and thirty-five, are being called up for service with the Colours. In Canada, an air camp has been established under experienced Norwegian pilots to train airmen.

Startling developments, favourable for the



Count Raczynski, (left), Polish ambassador, is one of the busiest men in London; King Haakon (above) sees that the Norwegian merchant fleet is at our disposal



prosecution of the war, may shortly be announced regarding the Belgian Government.

M. Pierlot, the Premier, and M. Spaak, the Foreign Minister, are still in France; the Pétain Government is believed to be detaining them against their will. Meantime, Belgian authorities are collaborating with the British Government for the common cause.

Large shipments of gold, rubber, copper, palm oil and diamonds are being arranged from the Belgian Congo to Britain.

It can be definitely stated that, whatever happens to the Belgian Government in France, Belgium's colonial resources will be available exclusively to Britain.

Significant that the Czech Cabinet has now been "recognised" by Britain. For the Czech statesmen in London—headed by that indomitable opponent of Nazidom, Dr. Benes—are lending us powerful assistance that cannot be revealed in detail. Moreover, Czech troops in Britain are a highly efficient part of our "foreign army."

Perhaps our most cheerful Allies are the Poles. They are broadcasting three times a day to Poland, and all the Polish Government—including President Rackiewicz, General Sikorski, General Sosnkowski, who destroyed a Nazi mechanised column, and M. Zaleski, Foreign Minister—are here.

The Polish Cabinet meets regularly in South Kensington, near its Foreign Office and the President's residence.

Much to the Poles' delight, an English peer has lent a fine building for their social centre. It is thronged for most hours of the day by officers, soldiers, diplomats, officials and refugees.

The Poles already have two newspapers printed here in their own language.

* * *

The Polish Embassy, behind Broadcasting House, swarms with visitors. Managing everything, working as hard as he can, is M. Raczynski, the distinguished ambassador, who is as popular with British officials as with his own people.

And he's still cheerful, even though he has lost all his property in Poland, including his castle. But that's true of all the Poles.

As a Polish official says to JOHN BULL: "We are full of hope and confidence. Supremacy in the air was all that Britain wanted and that is coming. We laugh at Hitler's invasion threats. The sooner he comes, the sooner he will be defeated."

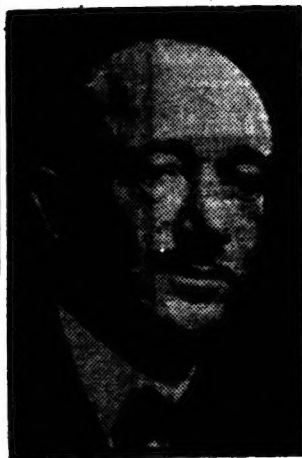
The R.A.F. is finding some of the Polish airmen very useful. For they know Germany inside out, and can point out some nice spots to bomb.

The French, under Admiral Muselier and General de Gaulle, are busily reorganising. They have removed to new premises near Whitehall to be in closer touch with the British Government.

But their activities make a story on its own... a story that will soon be told in action.

Hitler isn't big enough to get his own way with the Allied Governments!

Queen Wilhelmina (above) works day and night on plans for Holland's future; Dr. Benes (right) and his Czech Government are giving us valuable and increasing help



BRITAIN'S Allies haven't a pessimist among them. And they are settling down to help win the war from British soil.

Hitler tells his people of a blacked-out, miserable London where a foreigner is a rarity.

How different is the real picture!

Foreign uniforms abound. Dutch lieutenants, Polish officers with their miniature mortar-board hats, French sailors, Norwegians in khaki, Czechs and fighters from other oppressed nations—all are to be seen in London's streets.

But Hitler's conquests have not only enriched Britain with foreign uniforms. They have also given us new Parliaments and new Royalty.

The palatial headquarters of the Dutch Government, in the West End of London, house the entire Dutch Cabinet and scores of secretaries and under-secretaries.

Jonker de Geer, the Dutch Premier, astonishes everybody with the energy he puts into his work despite his sixty-nine years.

Queen Wilhelmina keeps her Ministers up to scratch. In her Eaton Square residence, which she shares with Prince Bernhard, the lights are often burning late.

Due to an ardent will for victory and the fine work of the Dutch Queen and diplomats, collaboration between Holland and Britain is more perfect than with any other Ally.

It was fortunate that the Dutch, even before Hitler invaded their country, were compelled by geographical factors to maintain communications with their valuable colonies by wireless.

The air is something which Hitler could not seize, and within a few hours of the Dutch Cabinet's departure from Holland wireless communication with the Dutch Empire was established from London.

* * *

Among the deals recently arranged between the Dutch Government and Britain is one for the supply of 22,000,000 square yards of cambrics for the Dutch East Indies—an order worth about £500,000. Other big deals concern rubber, tin, petrol, sugar and tea.

Thanks to Hitler, trade is no longer restricted by fluctuations between the value of sterling and Dutch currency. For the latter has been hitched to sterling, enabling deals to be carried out at a stable price level.

Though the Dutch have always been a frugal people, their offices in London have an air of richness. Floors are polished and thickly carpeted. Finely upholstered chairs abound. The servants are well groomed and discreet.

But while putting forth her maximum economic effort to ensure victory in alliance with Britain, the Dutch are not neglecting the military side.

All Dutchmen between the ages of twenty and thirty-five are being called up and equipped with the most modern American arms. A Dutch Legion is being formed to fight on the Continent when opportunity offers.



MY comments in last week's opening article on the great food - price scandal have been justified by the Ministry of Food itself.

The Ministry publicly admits that "soft fruit" profiteering is a very "involved business to tackle."

Even in the past few days prices of black currants, raspberries and gooseberries have in some districts ranged from one shilling and eightpence to two shillings a pound!

"I had to save up for my jam-rationing sugar," writes one poor mother. "Now it looks as if I'll have to save up for the fruit!"

Control Wanted

Yet many of the big men in the fruit trade deplore the widespread overcharging as much as I do. They insist that if prices had been officially controlled at the right time few of the present complaints could have arisen.

"I should welcome price control," declares the managing director of one large firm. "Lack of official control on fruit prices has let us in for a 'two way' ramp. On the one hand retailers charge excessively, on the other they undercut."

And the poor housewife, with her

My Fight for Housewives

budget growing more difficult to handle each week, has to pay up or go without.

My protests against egg profiteering are also producing results. Likelihood of an early end to it is to be found in the announcement just made by the Ministry of Food that a scheme is to be drawn up to control prices.

Up and Up and Up!

Official statistics reveal that food prices generally have soared by one shilling and twopence in the pound in the last month!

And there is every indication that the ramps in vegetables and fruit, tinned foods and preservatives, are slowly but surely extending to meat and fish.

The present distribution of meat, under the "Smithfield De-Centralisation Scheme," calls for official attention.

In some cases there are gluts of beef, while in others it is completely unobtainable by butchers. Many shops, indeed, are compelled to remain closed during some days of the week.

They either get "all" or "nothing."

Wasting Good Meat

Some butchers receive meat within a few hours of it being unloaded at the docks in quantities far in excess of their requirements.

If, instead of having it on their hands, they sell it "off the coupon," they are breaking the regulations, and if they return it to the markets they are likely to become "blacklisted" there.

I KNOW OF CASES WHERE STOCKS IN EXCESS OF REQUIRE-

MENTS HAVE ACTUALLY BEEN SOLD FOR AS LITTLE AS A PENNY A POUND AND USED FOR SOAP MANUFACTURING!

Many housewives, troubled by the possibility of "hoarding" prosecutions, have written to me for advice.

They have read about "corps of food control inspectors" seeking evidence against hoarders, who can be jailed for two years and fined £500—the maximum penalty for storing food.

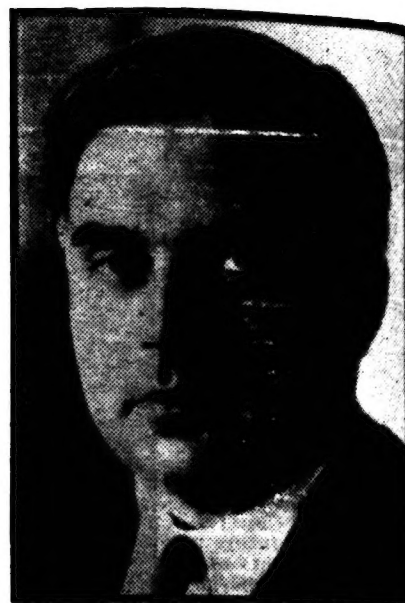
What You Can Do

Patriotic housewives need not be afraid.

This is the position. Officially, any housewife is entitled to store one week's supply of essential foods, such as tinned herrings, sardines, canned vegetables, and so on—"or for such longer period as ought fairly to be allowed in view of the existence of any special circumstances."

But there is no hard and fast rule.

The Ministry will not look with disfavour on housewives who in times like the present, when fresh and perishable food and fruit is plentiful, put by a small reserve of tinned supplies as an assurance against the winter.



Mr. Robert Boothby, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, is helping to end food profiteering

Only deliberate hoarders who load pantry and cellar with indiscriminate supplies of food will be made the subject of prosecution.

Next week I shall deal with other aspects of this great problem that is bringing worry into millions of homes.

Meantime, I urge you to tell me what is going on in your area.

Together we shall soon get something done!

Protect Tommy's Home!

I HAVE been called up for service. I am married, but my wife is unable to work.

"I am buying my house from a building society, and I shall not be able to keep up payments, because my wife will receive only the 17s. allowed for a soldier's wife. Shall I have to give my house up?"

This—one of many letters I have received—typifies the anxiety which falls on husbands about to be called up.

Even though some building societies are willing to consent to the payment of the interest only, it is still impossible for many borrowers to keep up payments from Army allowances.

I find it difficult to choose language to express my disapproval of the practice of some societies who go to any lengths to get Possession Orders against wives who, quite rightly, remain in occupation of the house while their menfolk are in the Forces.

The Court of Appeal recently declared that if anyone had a right to possession in such circumstances it is the serving man's wife.

I advise anyone placed in such a predicament to try to come to terms with their building society and make the best offer possible.

If a reasonable offer is rejected, and the society demand payment in full—accompanied by a threat that in default proceedings will be taken—they should bear this in mind:

If the mortgage was made before September 3, 1939, relief can be applied for under the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, 1939, on the ground that the defaulter is unable to pay owing to circumstances connected with the war. The Court may grant relief by refusing an Order for Possession or Sale.

The onus is on the soldier to prove that his position has been affected by the war, and, as he is frequently unable to attend the hearing of the application, the case goes against him!

But at last it seems that Parliament has realised the hardship involved and has gone some way towards remedying it by the Courts (Emergency Powers) Amendment Act, 1940.

This provides that if the mortgagor is serving in the Armed Forces, or mainly dependent on a person so serving, the onus of proof is to be on the building society, who must prove either that the mortgagor is able to pay the debt, or that his inability to pay it does not arise by reason of war circumstances.

And if the mortgagor is not present or represented at the hearing of the application then he is deemed to be serving in the Armed Forces or mainly dependent on a person so serving unless the building society can prove the contrary.

A further measure of relief applies to mortgaged premises which are situated in an evacuation area.

The mortgage money cannot be recovered while the Evacuation Order remains in force. If evacuation took place before any such Order was made, the mortgagor is entitled to relief as from the making of the Order.

Application should be made to the registrar of the local county court to ascertain whether an Order has been made. The effect is that the relief under the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, 1939, will now apply to mortgages made before July 10, 1940, if the defaulter can show that he is affected adversely by the evacuation.

GUINEA FOR PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MRS. A. FOWLER, Lockerby Road, Fairfield, Liverpool, has been awarded this week's £1 ls. for supplying information I found most useful.

SIXTEEN MILLION PEOPLE FADE AWAY: INDIAN EYE QUACK KEEPS MOVING: GLIB-AND-ARTFUL ADVENTURESS FROM JAIL: ANOTHER TRADE-BOOK ROBBER GETS HIS DESERTS

WHAT has become of the "Marshal Founder and Supreme Master Servant of the World's Legion Avatar"—in other words, J. John van Ryswyk? This queer dreamer boasted a few months ago that his organisation had sixteen million members and that it was shortly going to solve nearly all the world's troubles.

Under his command, adherents were told, was a "Supreme Council of Seven" and an "International Council of Seventy." Behind these higher dignitaries were massed the real "Legions of Avatar."

While seeking financial support for his movement the Marshal said that he controlled "several million tons of minerals, which we hope will be used for mankind."

Unhappily, there has been little news lately of Ryswyk and his 16,000,000 legion, and people are naturally wondering why.

As the "Marshal Founder" made such a show last year with his extraordinary movement perhaps he will come out of his shell and tell the world what his 16,000,000 "Legion" is really doing to help Britain on to Victory!

ANOTHER Indian eye "specialist," minus qualifications but equipped with unceasing impudence, is touring the country pursuing his dangerous practices

at temporary headquarters rented for just a few days. His name is R. S. Alam, and he was recently at Rotherham.

"MRS. ELSIE COBB" is just another alias of a clever adventuress.

Aged about forty-two, she takes rooms at small hotels and tells people that her officer husband was killed in France. Her story of the endless delays in securing her pension and money due to her under his will, reveal her as an actress of real ability.

Sums ranging from £3 to £16 have been obtained by her, and in some cases she has passed as "Mrs. Farthing," "Wood," "Gill" and "Hart." Prison life, with which she is well familiar, will soon welcome her again!

YOU'LL remember how relentlessly I have exposed promoters of bogus trade directories through whose frauds thousands of poor people have been robbed.

I am glad to record the conviction of yet another of these robbers—Allan Edgar Sloan, who, at Newcastle-on-Tyne last week, was sent to three years' penal servitude. Though for nearly a decade Sloan has fleeced the public, heavy punishment has come at last, as I always knew it would.

STUART MARTIN, in this stirring narrative of a Royal Air Force adventure, describes the experiences of a squadron of Hurricanes that was ordered to

"BRING HIM BACK ALIVE!"

WITH this order to inspire them, four Hurricanes rose in the air, raced towards the coast.

Word had been received that one of Goering's ace bombing squadrons had been sighted flying high off the Orkneys.

Flight-Lieutenant No. 1, in charge of the four fighters, is twenty-seven, an "old" Dulwich College boy, and an only son, who writes home to tell his parents that flying is so safe he is afraid to drive a car.

He is called No. 1 because he was the first of his squadron to bring down a Heinkel.

As he sat at his controls he had no idea how he was going to "bring this Nazi bomber back alive."

And he pondered over his tactics as the four fighters flashed past Duncansby Head lighthouse and waved the usual "thumbs up" signal to the keepers of the lonely light.

There were special reasons why the High-ups wanted this Heinkel. Nazi bombers used in raids on the East and North-East coasts are special aircraft.

They belong to the notorious Lion Squadron, and Goering has had little metal plates, all bearing Hitler's quotation, "There are no longer any islands," placed in the cockpits.

When Flight-Lieutenant No. 1 passed over the coastline the Nazi bomber was preparing to drop high explosives on the north-east of Scotland.

But he never reached his objective.

He was flying at 30,000 feet when he was aware of a shadow above him.

He looked up and saw Flight-Lieutenant No. 1 about 300 feet overhead.

The German gunner also saw the Hurricane and fumbled with his gun. But he didn't fire. As he looked below he saw a second Hurricane about the same distance below him.

The gunners were pointing murderous-looking weapons straight at him.

The gunner looked behind.

Two more Hurricane fighters were on his tail.

One burst from the German aircraft and she would be riddled.

The Lion bomber was in a net.

There was another danger.

People in Britain were enjoying the sunshine, but 20,000 feet nearer the sun pilots of these five machines felt the grip of hard frost.

DURING an ordinary winter's day R.A.F. flyers enter the ice danger zone somewhere about 5,000 feet.

During an ordinary summer's day they may enter it at 10,000 feet. But experience has taught them that from the fringe of that zone the danger extends at least 7,000 feet higher.

Anywhere within these 7,000 feet the pilot may have ice form on his wings and fuselage.

It may choke his air-intake and stop his engine. The weight of ice may bring the aircraft down. If ice forms on his propeller, it may cause serious damage.

A Hurricane can climb through that dangerous 7,000 feet in a few minutes, but the Nazi knew there was no safety for him in trying to climb.

Faced with guns above, below, and behind, the German held his fire. He was in no mood for suicide.

Heinkel bomber after its forced landing on the north-east coast



But all pilots in Goering's Lion Squadron are aces.

They know all the tricks. This flyer pulled his stick through the gate and sped ahead at full throttle.

He shot clear of the Hurricanes overhead and below, and he swung to starboard, hoping to edge through the net.

But as he swung, his way was blocked by one of the rear Hurricanes coming parallel with his wing.

HE edged away to try the port tack. Again a Hurricane blocked his way.

He looked up again.

The formation had been reformed, and a Hurricane was above him again.

A Hurricane was underneath, and two were on his tail. He saw the muzzles of the guns, and the gunners behind the guns.

So he still held his fire.

For a few minutes the five flew in this formation, and then the shadow above grew more menacing. It was dropping.

At the same time the Hurricanes below had dropped too. There was only one thing to do to avoid death: that was to drop also.

From 30,000 feet the formation descended to 20,000 feet.

Away ahead was the coast of Britain.

The North Sea ranged below, and the planes were moving about 300 m.p.h.

Trying another trick, the Nazi pulled his stick and dropped in a crash dive.

He dived for several thousand feet; then flattened out and banked southward.

Thinking he had escaped, he rose swiftly again, almost stalling his aircraft in the manoeuvre. When he brought her to an even keel he saw the Hurricane above him, another below him, and two still behind.

Once more the shadow above came down. Once more the Hurricane beneath slid lower. Once more the Nazi was forced to descend.

They were now at 10,000 feet.

The pressure continued from above and below.

The Hurricanes came so close that Flight-Lieutenant No. 1 was able to look grimly into the face of his enemy and make a "thumbs down" signal. The

Nazi pilot drew himself up frigidly in reply.

He was an ace.

He changed his tactics, and tried to charge the Hurricane above him, but the British fighter merely edged away, and the one below edged upward.

Yet, as he edged, Flight-Lieutenant No. 1 gave the sign to his gunner and a stream of bullets burst across the Nazi's wings. Another stream from one of the Hurricanes in the rear gave the same order.

The Nazi bomber pretended to obey.

He went down to 6,000 feet, did something to his engine that caused it to splutter, and signalled that he was in distress.

No notice was taken of his signal.

As he made the signal he went into a dive and a loop. He somersaulted ahead of the Hurricanes, came down to 4,000 feet and shot ahead again.

He had not gone many hundred yards before he was aware that the Hurricanes were in formation again, threatening him with their guns once more.

THEY kept him down to 4,000 feet.

They forced him to go lower still; and it was here that the Nazi gunner made his mistake. He let loose a burst of fire at a Hurricane in the rear.

Two Hurricane gunners pressed their buttons.

The Nazi gunner slumped into his seat. The formation crossed the coastline at 2,000 feet and raced above hills, into a long valley spread out green and clear in the sunshine. It was a golf-course stretching north and south.

The Nazi tried his last trick.

He gave full throttle again to his bomber and swung round, hoping to make for the sea.

He may have realised that his days as a war pilot were ended if he was forced to land. He may have carried aboard that bomber information that would help the R.A.F. to counter future German moves.

BUT as he made out to sea Hurricane No. 1 passed him like a rocket. It roared ahead and then swung round in a sharp turn, seemingly pivoted on the tip of one wing.

It came charging straight at the Nazi like a thunderbolt.

The German pilot saw this danger and lost his nerve. But just when the collision was apparently inevitable, the Hurricane rose steeply.

Its nose gun blazed above the Nazi in a terrific burst. Not a bullet touched the German crew, but the wings were torn in ribbons.

The pilot was seen to shrink from that blast.

He managed to right his machine, and swung it round, followed by Hurricanes rising like wasps on either side.

They got him back to land. They told him where to land. They saw him make his landing.

Then they, too, came down, and when Flight-Lieutenant No. 1 jumped from his machine and ran towards the German Lion, he saw the pilot leaning wearily against a wing.

"Jerry," said Flight-Lieutenant No. 1, "if you hadn't turned back just now, I'd have shot you to hell and gone. I was getting tired of your tricks."

The German ace wiped his forehead and looked dazedly into the face of his captor.

"Thank God," he said in an awed voice, "that's over."

And he collapsed.

"And they think they can teach the R.A.F. to fly," said Flight-Lieutenant No. 1.

FOR THE RELEASE OF HUMANITY

AS long as this War goes on the Workers will keep on too, doing their job a bit better than they even hoped to do, giving all they've got and then ready to give some more, for the driving force in every shift is the Will to Win this War.

AS long as this War goes on, the Workers will do their bit, for they're determined that once again All The Lamps shall be lit, in chains of gleaming gold to shine across the World, and illumine the Flags of Freedom above Mankind unfurled.

AS long as this War goes on the Workers will play their part, though the sacrifice be great and claims the substance of their heart, but they will never rest until they greet with pride the Freed Workers of the World on all and every side.

AS long as this War goes on the Workers will not abate their tremendous drive for Freedom against men enslaved by hate, for not only do they work for their liberty of soul but THEY WORK FOR THE GREAT RELEASE OF HUMANITY AS A WHOLE.

J. M.

HANNEN SWAFFER, in this sketch of Sir George Gater, shows how tremendously valuable the right type of Civil Servant can be

Whitehall's Future Boss?

EVERY time Herbert Morrison looks out of his window in the Ministry of Supply, he can see, not far away, the County Hall, where, for years, he laboured for a New London.

His right-hand man, just appointed, can now share his view and share his feelings. For Sir George Gater was, until last November, Clerk to the L.C.C.

No doubt because of Morrison's own choice, Gater, who had been stolen from municipal work, first by the Home Office and then the Colonial Office, is once again with Morrison, speeding up munitions.

It was Sir George Gater who was sent along to claim at last that Greater London was at least as important as the City.

For years heads of States, when visiting London, were entertained at the Guildhall. The one square mile of the City was considered all that was important in the great Metropolis.

Then, when the President of the French Republic was coming last year, Sir George was sent along to the French Embassy.

"If the President goes to the City," he had to say, "he should also come to the County Hall. France is a democracy, and so is London. It is not merely a privileged square mile."

There was a flutter among the pigeons when the City was told. Then the citadel fell.

The President lunched at the Guildhall and went along to County Hall two or three hours afterwards. Now all visiting kings will do the same.

Sir George is certainly a most unusual public servant. He is now one of the heads of the Civil Service after having had less than a year's experience. He went to the L.C.C. when, at the age of thirty-seven, he saw in a paper that they wanted an Education Officer.

He had been to Winchester and New College, Oxford, and then, until he joined the Army in 1914, had filled a minor education post in Nottinghamshire.

In the last war he rose from second lieutenant—serving in Gallipoli, Egypt and France, and being twice wounded—to Brigadier-General.

Then, after five years as Director of Education to the Lancashire County Council, he got a similar job in the L.C.C.

After nine years, they wanted a Clerk, and Gater, who had had no experience except in education, was given what is the highest position in municipal government!

Well, after six years, Herbert Morrison lost his Chief of Staff.

The Colonial Office was in a mess. Colonial administration wanted a drastic clean-up.

So London had to lose what the Colonies gained.

Sir George nearly became head of the B.B.C. when Sir John Reith started a much less successful career elsewhere.

"Certain influences," however, got to work, and, for a reason I still cannot understand, an unknown man was sent for from Ulster.

Herbert Morrison is the first to praise Gater for much of the success of London's evacuation scheme. Hundreds of thousands of children left London like clockwork when war broke out—and not one cut a finger or lost a toy.

A more unusual quality, infinite tact, was shown by Gater when, in 1931, he kept the friendship of London's teachers, even when ordered to cut down the wages of 20,000 of them.

Although he is not a Londoner—indeed, few Londoners are really that—he became, in a few years, almost as much an expert on life in the Metropolis as is Herbert Morrison himself.

We hear to-day more attacks on the Civil Service than usual. We are told it is a bottleneck—obstructive and slow.

Well, Sir George Gater is the reverse of all that. Obviously, if he survives, he will eventually become head of the Civil Service. Then it will change.



AFRICA:

THE crux of the war has shifted to the Mediterranean, and the battle for Egypt and the Suez has begun in earnest.

It does not follow that the invasion of Britain is abandoned. Mr. Churchill has warned us against assuming that it is, or that we can relax for a moment our defensive preparedness.

But we must be equally prepared for Hitler's alternative plan. His single aim is the destruction of Britain and the British Empire.

Two means to that end are open to him. One is the direct frontal attack, a lightning blow by air, sea and land, delivered with such overwhelming force at the heart of the Empire that it would bring us to the dust forthwith.

It is this dramatic and final stroke which Hitler has led his people to expect this summer, and which may still be attempted at any moment.

The other is the destruction of our sea supremacy and the surrender of this country by starvation.

There is no conflict between these methods. Both may still be in contemplation.

But with the events in the Mediterranean it is the latter which is immediately menacing.

The vital importance of the Mediterranean in our system of sea communications needs no stressing.

It is the vital link between us and the East—with Egypt, Palestine, Irak, India, Singapore, the East Indies, China, Australasia.

Take that link out of our chain, close the Middle Sea to us, and the British Empire would suffer a blow of extreme gravity.

That is the blow which Mussolini is attempting to deliver with all the power with which his master, Hitler, can reinforce him.

This adventure the Italian dictator has been preparing for years.

LONG before Hitler had made himself master of Germany, Mussolini's grandiose dream of re-creating the ancient Roman Empire had taken shape.

The kernel of that scheme is the conversion of the Mediterranean into an Italian lake, *mare nostrum*, with the exclusive power to close it to all comers.

To that end all his activities, from the seizure of the Dodecanese onwards, have been directed.

His rape of Abyssinia had that in mind. It gave him a spring-board for attacking the Suez Canal at one end of the Mediterranean.

His successful conspiracy in Spain, where he was the chief fomentor of the Civil War, gave him, as he hoped, an equally formidable point of attack against the western gate of the Mediterranean.

IN THIS ADVENTURE HE KNEW THAT HE HAD ONE THING TO FEAR—THE SEA POWER OF THIS COUNTRY.

There were no terms he could offer which would lead us to hand over to him the power to close this great highway to the commerce of the world.

A defeat here may bring about the
But we must face up to what the
It is the Navy that will bar the
And a Mediterranean victory can

By A. G. GARDNER

For 150 years we had maintained the freedom of the Mediterranean for all comers.

That freedom was more vital to us and all sea-going peoples to-day than it had ever been. Any challenge to it would find in us an implacable foe.

If he were to overcome that opposition he must have the backing of a Power as formidable as our own. And the rise of Nazi Germany gave him his chance.

Hitler was a bandit like himself, but the destruction of the British Empire would offer loot for both. Hitler could dominate Europe, and he, Mussolini, could have his Roman Empire mistress of the whole Mediterranean world.

Hence the plot by which Mussolini led the unwilling Italian people into war against their historic friends on behalf of their historic enemies.

WITH what criminal blindness we allowed that plot to be hatched and developed under our eyes needs no comment here.

The mischief is done, and we have to face the reckoning.

That reckoning has, of course, been enormously increased by the capitulation of France.

I said last week that there were compensations in that surrender. That is true. But the adverse balance is immense.

France is, or was, a great Mediterranean Power.

THIS MEANS THAT THE WHOLE BURDEN OF PRESERVING THE FREEDOM OF THE MEDITERRANEAN, KEEPING GERMANY OUT OF ASIA MINOR AND ITALY FROM OVER-RUNNING AFRICA, HAS FALLEN ON OUR FORCES—SEA, LAND AND AIR.

It is necessary to face the facts.

From our foothold at Gibraltar right on to Egypt there is not, apart from Malta, a stretch of territory in or on either side of the Mediterranean where we can land a man, repair a ship or start an aeroplane.

The problem is aggravated by the fact that, with Italy an enemy, the Mediterranean is not one sea, but two.

The narrow channel separating Sicily from Africa, with the fortified island of Pantellaria in the centre, makes the passage from the Eastern to the Western Mediterranean dangerous, if not impracticable.

Against these adverse facts we can set powerful advantages. We possess both keys of the Mediterranean.

THE FACTS

the end of Mussolini.
the task really means.
the heaviest burden.
can mean total victory

RDINER



Units of the Egyptian Camel Corps, who will co-operate with the mechanised sections of the Egyptian Army in stemming any attack launched by Mussolini's Libyan forces

Gibraltar we command the entrance to the inland sea from the Atlantic. At we command the exit to the Red Sea and Indian Ocean.

Within the Mediterranean itself our naval power, in spite of the defection of France, is supreme, and cuts off much of the supply to Mussolini's African armies.

Their accumulated stores are being ceaselessly destroyed by our air arm. Their main army is separated from the Suez by hundreds of miles of desert and a landless country.

Their forces at hand in Eritrea and Abyssinia are isolated, and, operating from a country still largely unconquered, should find themselves in a desperate plight when the cease.

On the other hand, with our command of the sea and the help that is coming from North Africa and elsewhere, the defence of the Suez and Red Sea front should be secure.

And his defeat in this theatre of the war might well be fatal to Mussolini.

Nor is there any reason to fear that the other key of the Mediterranean—Gibraltar—can be snatched from our grasp.

It is more than a century and a half since the Rock was unavailingly besieged for two years.

Much has changed in the interval in methods—both of siege and defence. But those who ought to know assure us that the great bastion can be relied on to survive an ordeal of equal duration.

And if we can keep our grip of the keys of the Mediterranean we can rely on the Navy keeping its grip on the Mediterranean itself.

BUT nothing must be left to chance. Much, of course, depends on the attitude of Spain. Franco has no wish to be sucked into the vortex, for his country is desolated and his people want bread.

But the gangsters have a tight grip on Franco, and his country swarms with Nazis and Fifth Columnists. We must be prepared for the utmost they can do.

But the crucial question is the sufficiency of the Navy to hold this vital area of the war. The strain on its resources since the collapse of France is enormous.

It has to defend these shores. It has to police the seas of the world. It has to convoy the food we live by and the arms we fight with.

And it has to blockade thousands of miles of sea coast.

To all these vast tasks is added that of defending the freedom of the Middle Sea.

It may well be that the purpose of the invasion threat is to keep us guessing and our fleet divided in two widely separated theatres of the war.

IT IS HERE THAT THE UNITED STATES COULD HELP THE CAUSE WHICH IS ITS OWN AS WELL AS OURS.

It has a great fleet of older patterned destroyers which it could sell to us without compromising its neutrality.

General Pershing, who commanded the American Army in the last war, has urgently appealed to his Government to let us have fifty without delay.

Such an addition, coupled with our own vast building programme, would remove any peril of shortage.

It would fulfil the necessary drudgery of conveying and blockade and release our own ships to help to assure victory in the two vital theatres—our home waters and the Mediterranean.

Then all question about the sufficiency of our sea power would be removed. We should have enough and to spare.

The scheme for our destruction in the Near East would perish as Napoleon's perished in the same seas at the Battle of the Nile.

And with victory in the Mediterranean we should have victory everywhere.

ARGUE IT OUT

BY PALLAS

Keeping the Hate Fires Burning

ALL around us is hatred, seas of hatred in which we are plunged right to our necks. We thrive on some of this hatred. For we hate the foul thing called Nazidom, we hate its tyranny, its brutality.

And above all we hate with a fierce, undying hatred the threat of being shackled to the German machine.

We hate the thought of suffering millions; we hate the prospect in Europe this winter of countless families enduring hunger and cold; we hate the occupation by strutting Nazi troops of some of the world's fairest cities.

Kipling in the last war wrote a poem about the hate of our nation.

I cannot quote offhand, but the theme of the poem was the slow moving to hate and anger of the English people. "When the English begin to hate. . ."

In the last war we hated the pirates of Potsdam. But it was a mild hatred compared to the abhorrence we have of all things Nazi.

This hatred of ours is a clean, healthy thing.

More than any other factor it is responsible for the magnificent way in which the country has united to meet the German menace.

* * *

Hate, more than love, more than respect, can bring about unity.

Hitler to-day is the most heartily hated man in the world.

Against him are the hatreds of conquered millions, the hatred of mothers whose children go hungry, the hatred of wives whose husbands have perished, the hatred of fathers whose homes lie in ruins.

No man can be hated as Hitler is hated and live to continue his evil ways. History has proved time and time again that the cumulative hatred of the common people can upset tyrants and conquerors.

The Teacher himself, in whose gentle soul reposed love and mercy—even He hated things like oppression and injustice.

In our hearts we must keep alive the fires of our hatred. The flames must not die down until the things we hate are no more.

The thought that only a narrow strip of water separates this free, united nation from a continent torn and trampled by the Nazi machine serves as a constant reminder that we cannot, dare not, let up in our hatred.

* * *

As long as a single Nazi bully is free to wield the lash, as long as a Swastika flutters over a building, so long must our hatred endure.

Common hatred of a régime has given us a unity and strength of purpose which have aroused the admiration of those nations still outside the conflict.

Our hatred is a noble thing. It transcends anger and pity; it makes us into a nation of avengers.

King George VI enjoys the title "Defender of the Faith." To-day he shares it with all his subjects here, at home, and in the Dominions and Colonies.

We are defending the faith—faith in ourselves, in the destiny of man, in the right of all men and women to live in the sunshine of life and not in its shadows.

We are the crusaders of civilisation. And hatred is one of the spurs that will drive us on to victory.

Keep on hating everything that Hitler stands for. Hate his very name. Hate his government. Hate his ministers. Hate his methods. Hate his men. Hate him as you sweat in factory and workshop.

Keep the hate fires burning. When our mission is accomplished and we turn to the task of building a saner, better system of world government and of world economics, we can quench those fires. But not until then.

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YOU can't buy finer, purer flakes than Sylvan Flakes and they save you money because you get half as much again as with expensive flakes. Sylvan Flakes' rich, luxurious lather makes washing-up quicker, simpler and easier. Off comes the grease—out come the plates lustrous and gleaming. Best of all,

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Compare the price!
Compare the size!
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Ask for

ARMY CLUB

20 for 1/4 1/2d 10 for 8 1/2d

This is the cigarette for the fellow with a full-size man's job to do. When you're feeling all 'hit-up', it steadies the nerves



What do I do...

if I come across German or Italian broadcasts when tuning my wireless?

I say to myself: "Now this blighter wants me to listen to him. Am I going to do what he wants?" I remember that German lies over the air are like parachute troops dropping on Britain—they are all part of the plan to get us down—which they won't. I remember nobody can trust a word the Haw-Haws say. So, just to make them waste their time, I switch 'em off or tune 'em out!

Cut this out—and keep it!

Issued by the Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation
by The Brewers' Society

WHY DOCTORS ADVISE LIQUID LAXATIVE

The sensitive lining of the stomach and bowels was never meant to be dosed with aperient chemicals and drugs in solid form. That is why the laxative you give your children or take yourself should always be in liquid form. It is safer and surer in action. This is one reason why doctors and nurses say give your child 'California Syrup of Figs.' Most tasty of all laxatives, this pure fruit product never fails to clean the system easily, painlessly, completely. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run. Be sure you get 'Californian Syrup of Figs' brand.

Voice of the People

LANDLORDS' RAMPS STILL LEGAL

★

DON'T IMITATE THE NAZIS

★

SHORTER COMMONS FOR SEAMEN

★

WORK CURE FOR THE GOSSIPS

HAVE been refused tenancy of a flat because the landlord says my husband is liable to be called up. The fact that I have a baby did not soften his heart.

Yet I have a clean rent-book; can afford the rent he asks.

If the Army allowance is small enough to make one an undesirable tenant, it should be rectified. If it is considered sufficient, landlords should not have power to refuse a tenant whose husband is about to serve, or is serving, his country.—Mrs. L. B. Sampler, Frith Road, Hove.

We heartily denounce this ramp, which has victimised many besides our correspondent. Apparently she has no address. The Emergency Powers Act should be amended to protect those in her position.

THREE times recently at different churches we've sung the hymn containing the verse:

*For still our ancient foe,
Doth see to work his woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.*

Imagine my astonishment at learning that the author is not a patriotic Briton, but a son of Saxony—Martin Luther.—R. D. W., Woodthorpe, Notts.

No, sir. Why penalise an illustrious ancient because the modern destroyer of churches happens to be of the same race? Isn't that taking a leaf out of the Nazi book?

WITH millions of men—and women—in uniform, it would be a democratic gesture if saluting were abolished except on duty.

Walk down any main thoroughfare much used by men of the Navy, Army, Air Force or women auxiliaries, and, with salutes given and received every few yards, the whole business becomes an obvious embarrassment to officers and rankers alike. Showing respect for the King's uniform must not be allowed to become a farce.

Surely a simple "eyes right" or left would suffice?—C. E. W., Newburgh Crescent, Warwick.

Cash Prizes

★ This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published.

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

AS a Channel Islander, I welcome the Government's belated promise to consider a useful suggestion—leaflets should be dropped to give the trapped inhabitants news of evacuated relations and of the progress of the war.

This is the least that must be done for those left behind—and for us evacuees.

We are still sore that not a shot was fired in defence of the Crown's oldest possession, and that, despite official denial, many waited vainly for boats to take them away.

The only way at present of sending a letter to the Channel Isles is via Lisbon, and the fee is 2s.

Surely other ways can be devised of conveying news to loyal subjects in their pitiable plight?—C. I., Redcliffe Gardens, S.W.10.

One way is obvious. The B.B.C. already broadcasts to over twenty



The B.B.C.'s voice reaches twenty countries—but says nothing to our folk in the Channel Islands.

foreign countries. Why not, then, let it give information to our own Channel Islanders, whose claim is surely not less than that of foreigners?

MY nephew, "somewhere in Scotland," tells me his Army breakfast consists of a rasher and two slices of bread, his "lunch" another two slices of bread and a drop of tea, and his hot dinner he says he could buy anywhere for sixpence.

My daughters and myself frequently club together to send him a parcel of food.

Surely soldiers are not given less than civilians to eat? Or do you think there's something wrong at his depot?—C. G., Sydenham, S.E.26.

The Army's official menu is much more liberal than that in the average household, and it cannot be that your nephew's experience is anything but temporary. Your nephew, glad to receive your parcels, is evidently not one of those who resort to the time-worn dodge of complaining about food shortage in order to get relatives and friends to send a little money along.

HITLER has occupied the Ruhr, the Rhineland, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Memel, Poland (including Danzig), Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg and France. The threatened attack on Britain will be his thirteenth attempt at success. It will fail.—E. M. Williams, Gilfach Road, Tonyrefail, Glam.

Adolf was born on a thirteenth, and the figure three is what the numerologists call his destiny number. Most of his conquests took place in the third month, March, and its multiple, the ninth, September. Putting a one before the three won't help him this time, superstition or no superstition.

MY husband is a seaman, and while he and a friend from the same ship were in port for the day I went to a shop to get their rations.

I was refused on the ground that Merchant Navy coupons are not the same as those for civilians.

The bravery of men of the Merchant Navy has been rightly extolled, but evidently somebody has forgotten that they must eat while ashore.—Mrs. W. Shepherd, Norley Avenue, Sunderland.

GERMANS may use poison gas if they attempt to invade this country, we are warned.

Another warning should now be

addressed to the Germans. They should be told right away by our military authorities that if this foulest of all forms of warfare is resorted to and directed against civilians as well as combatants, no prisoners will be taken.

This course will be in our favour, as, certainly unless provoked, we have no intention of employing gas against the enemy.—J. P., Tideswell Road, Shirley, Surrey.

WHEN Mr. Duff Cooper asks me what I think of him and other backward-looking leaders, this will be my answer:

Youth, most of all, is fighting this war—and Youth is concerned with the present in getting the job done and with what the victory will bring in future.

Yet Mr. Cooper and other psychologists "appeal" to us by conjuring up the ghosts of Homer, Cromwell, Shakespeare, Macaulay, Wellington, the Spanish Armada, the Corunna Line, Agincourt, Crecy. . . .

For heaven's sake, let's look forward.—B. H., Evering Road, N.16.

DANGEROUS gossip exists only because most idlers are mischievous.

In our village Women's Institute we have busied ourselves with fruit canning and jam making, working derelict gardens, salvaging waste, knitting, sewing, making war-dressings, organising a savings club, entertaining evacuees and troops.

So don't ask us, "How's our morale?" We haven't time to answer.—J. B., Nettleswell, Essex.

THERE'S a democratic spirit in our Air Force. Officer pilots and sergeant pilots share the same duty hut.

Wouldn't it be a fine gesture if the R.A.F. went still one better and bestowed identical honours on officers and men instead of making a distinction with crosses and medals? Same goes for Navy and Army.

No distinction is made with the highest of all Service awards, the V.C.—Miss C. Sutton, St. Mary Abbots Terrace, W.14.

SURELY it is time the Censor blue-pencilled some of the B.B.C.'s alleged blue-pencil humour? Really, comedians who can't do better than suggest swear words, or indulge in similar vulgarities, insult our intelligence.

The B.B.C. seems mad on such crudities. Such a mentality is that of a schoolboy who thinks it *bravado* to be "naughty."—T. R., Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

EXPERIENCED workers are wanted. Would you call me skilled?

In better times I ran my own £100,000 business, employing hundreds of staff, negotiated one deal alone for £2,500,000, speak five languages. I am sixty, but feel twenty years younger.

I've offered my services to Government departments where my expert commercial and linguist knowledge would be useful.

Nothing has happened. What is wrong?—David Lawson, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.

A lot is wrong. Ministry of Labour's Supplementary Register for professional and office workers is still ignored by some other Ministries.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE: "The Vicar, who is an air raid WARNING, had left the vicarage to report for duty at his post."

NEWS CHRONICLE: "The committee will also co-operate with the Canadian children's refugee authorities, probably by transferring financial aid to them."

NORTHERN ECHO: "More M.P.s enrolled last night in the Parliamentary L.D.V.s. There are now over 100 PEARS, M.P.s and officials of Parliament in the company."

DAILY EXPRESS: "Many of them lived hundreds of MILES from a town or railway station."

THE NORTH EASTERN GAZETTE: "... it did not matter very much whether a man who did these things was WICKET or a nitwit."

SOUTHERN DAILY ECHO: "H— was aggressive and hit a six and nine hours in making 63."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH: "The HEAVING was resumed in the King's Bench Division."

TYRONE CONSTITUTION: "They would be far superior to cars with machine guns, as cars would require much more material and, owing to diversity of make, a longer time to make FULLET-proof."

NORTHERN DAILY MAIL: "On the morning of May 21 the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards were holding the right sector of the 1st Guards Brigade front."

NEWS CHRONICLE: "I hope the Government does not propose to impose any censorship on the Press or to interfere with their expression of public opinion."

THE STAR: "She and her three children were being WERT by the public assistance authorities."

THE SUNDERLAND ECHO AND SHIPPING GAZETTE: "Miss K. I— was fined for permitting a bonfire in her WARDEN."

OXFORD TIMES: "Mrs. S— was employed as a cook at a SMACK bar."

EVENING TIMES: "This was in the rifle range in the vaults under the House of Lords—says the P.A. LOBBY Correspondent."

In times like these
old friends
are best



Beecham's Pills are the secret of happy, cheerful, healthy people all the world over. A dose at bedtime banishes liverishness, sick-headaches and biliousness. Make Beecham's Pills your golden rule of health and you will discover how gentle, reliable and effective they are! Purely vegetable—obtainable everywhere.

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Beecham's Pills

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Children's Teeth in War-Time



Even in war-time a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia', the most effective neutralizer of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75%.

Children who use this pleasant tasting toothpaste regularly always have the whitest teeth and are practically free from decay with its distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

Sold everywhere, 6d., 10d. and 1/6.

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DENTAL MAGNESIA

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trademark of Phillips' Preparation of Magnesia.

MINISTRY



OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

FOOD

FACTS No. 3



Start now to collect these
useful advertisements. Pin
them up in your kitchen.

PLEASE make full use of the fruit and vegetables now so plentiful. It is important that we should eat home produce rather than food which has to come from overseas. Never waste anything, however small. Never eat more than enough. You'll be fitter, you'll save money, you'll make cargo space available for materials of war. Every time you cook you can help or hinder Hitler!

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

HEALTH HINT.



Among the protective foods, salads have a high place. Eat a salad every day while they are so plentiful.

BUTTER PAPER. Always scrape the paper in which butter or margarine has been wrapped. The papers themselves should be saved for greasing baking dishes or covering food while it is cooking in the oven.

REMEMBER that a plate of fresh home-grown fruit (plums for example) makes a refreshing dish. It will save fuel and will help to cut down the nation's consumption of imported food. You can hear other useful time-and-fuel-saving hints on the wireless each morning at 8.15.

RECIPE for Vegetable Hot-Pot
Prepare and cut into convenient pieces $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. carrots, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. onions and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. turnips. Put into a saucepan with a teacupful of hot water, put on the lid, bring to the boil and cook for 15 minutes. Then add a teacupful of shelled peas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tomatoes and a few sprigs of mint, season with salt and pepper, put on the lid again and cook for 20 minutes more. Strain off the liquid which can be used in preparing a parsley sauce to serve with the vegetables.

Another way: If an ounce of dripping or margarine can be spared it should be melted in the saucepan and the vegetables tossed in it before the water is added to the pan. This much improves the flavour of the hot-pot.

Save food, spare cargo-space, save money!

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

HOW TO MAKE LEMONADE WITHOUT SUGAR

ASK at your grocer's for a bottle of the famous Eiffel Tower Lemonade Crystals. In the good old summer-times before the war, housewives used to mix up these crystals into jugfuls of delicious lemonade, sweetened by a liberal measure of sugar. But now sugar is scarce, people have discovered that Eiffel Tower is even more refreshing when it is not so sweet, and that they can make it quite sweet enough without any sugar at all.

HERE ARE THE NEW DIRECTIONS:

Place the Eiffel Tower Crystals in a jug, add 24 (.3 grain) saccharin tablets and pour over both $\frac{1}{2}$ pints of boiling water. Stir till dissolved. When cool, put in a bottle and cork well. Use 1 or 2 table-spoons to a tumbler of water. If saccharin is not available try only 4 oz. of sugar or 5 level dessertspoons of golden syrup or 8 level dessertspoons of liquid honey. The crystals may be dissolved in $\frac{1}{2}$ pints of boiling water without the addition of any sweetening matter. When cool put in a bottle and cork well. Use 1 or 2 table-spoons to a tumbler of water. This provides a most refreshing and thirst-quenching drink.

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

No increase in price!

61d bottle makes 25 tumblers

A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT



AND REFRESHING
BEVERAGE



-ONLY NEEDS HOT WATER!

NO PAIN AFTER EATING

Acidity, Gastritis and Indigestion
Disappear like Magic.

Thousands of Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Punctate Dyspepsia, Gastric Catarrh, Wind or Flatulence, Fulminant Stomach, and all forms of acid indigestion, have been cured by the SHADFORTH ACIDITY PRESCRIPTION (No. 1977). Popularly known as "White Limes," dispensed after the successful formula used in hospitals and clinics by prominent physicians. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the swift improvement: Clean tongue, moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long sour face replaced by the broad sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Trial size 6d. Other sizes 1/4, 2/6 and 7/- (either by post or from your nearest chemist).

For a limited period only we will send to readers of this paper who have not tried this remedy, TWO 6d. packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 6d. to-day with this advertisement, asking for "White Limes."

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.
Dept. J.B. 1940, 18, King William Street, London, E.C.4

What Price Peace?

They all told him how he could patch up the quarrel, but he knew they were wrong—or thought he did until that final remark of his wife's

By A. PEARKES WITHERS

TEMPER had evaporated before the garden gate had been left a quarter of a mile behind—the garden gate over which Jill had not waved farewell that morning—and remorse was doing its best to swamp all other emotions of which Peter Corrington was capable by the time he reached the railway station.

Yet Peter had no idea the state of his mind was visible on his face till he dropped into his usual corner seat in the usual compartment of the 8.44 to town.

Bald-headed and bull-necked Armstrong, a stockbroker, gave him one long searching glance over an attenuated morning paper, then said in a sepulchral voice:

"The Allies must have lost!"

Downey, wine and spirit merchant, whose own spirits were none too high because (in his view) the duty on excisable liquor certainly was, inquired sympathetically:

"Bad night, old man?"

"I slept all right," growled Peter.

"You don't look it," commented Drake, a lean and languid individual, whose business was nobody's business, or at all events was not known to any of the five who travelled regularly with him.

"I know," asserted Meaker, dapper representative of a mineral water concern, who occupied the corner seat facing Peter's. "He's had a fight with his wife."

"What makes you think that?" demanded Peter sourly.

"I recognise the symptoms—gloom, dejection, repentance, remorse!" A long hand was raised dramatically, the fingers wide-spread. "Gentlemen, cast your eyes upon a young man who has loved and lost and thinks it bitter to have loved at all!"

"Battles may be won or lost, battleships may be sunk or scuttled, but the greatest tragedy in a young husband's life is his first quarrel with his wife. Am I right, Corrington?"

"You're a fool!" snapped Peter.

"I AM right," Meaker confided to the company at large. "And how well I remember my own first matrimonial bust-up. It seemed like the end of the world, but it was only the beginning of what eventually became a common occurrence."

"Once you start," contributed Armstrong, "you go on. Don't take it too seriously, Corrington, it happens to all of us—doesn't it, Tidman?"

Tubby little Tidman, who had just scrambled into the compartment as the train was on the move, stumbled over Peter's feet and floundered on to a seat. "What happens to all of us?" he panted.

"We quarrel with our wives," said Downey.

"Oh, sure." Tidman mopped his brow with a handkerchief. "That's why I nearly missed the train. Stayed to have

the last word—didn't get it—might have known better. Now I'll have to let her have that fur coat she's so set on."

"Why?" asked Peter.

"Peace and quiet."

Peter looked shocked as well as miserable.

"You can't bribe a girl like that!" he objected.

"Try it," recommended Meaker with a throaty chuckle.

"Oh, so he's been at it, eh?" Tidman eyed Peter with interest.

"Was the coffee cold?"

Peter nodded.

"Toast burnt?"

Peter nodded.

"That's the way of it," said Downey. "Of course, it was your fault for getting up late."

Peter started at the accuracy with which the circumstances had been conjectured, but he said (in an aggrieved tone) that he realised it was all his fault without any of their assistance.

"What you fellows don't understand," he went on, "is the seriousness of the thing. We'd never had a cross word before in all the months of our marriage. I said things—I—I upset her. Her mother was coming over."

"Her mother, and—"

"**WE** know," chirped Meaker. "Fortunately, in my own case, the mother-in-law aspect has ceased to be a menace. She's dead. But with you young creatures there's always that complication."

"Well, the only thing for you to do is to get whatever she wants most, or would like best, and take it home with you as a peace-offering."

Peter declared that he wouldn't dream of trying to bribe a girl like Jill.

"She's not a pretty savage to be tempted with a string of beads," he said, tritely but indignantly. "Let's talk about something else."

The subject was dropped, but Peter's unhappiness persisted.

It accompanied him to the office where he functioned as junior partner in a firm of civil engineers, and it interfered with his work.

At intervals, during the morning, he resisted the impulse to try to get Jill on the telephone, telling himself that more than likely she had left him for ever, and that even if she hadn't gone quite that far she would cut him off before he could utter a word.

Telephones were not made for patching up quarrels.

The cynical advice of his travelling companions was banished from his thoughts only to invade them again and again.

Jill had seemed rather envious of a bracelet her sister had received for a birthday present.

He might—

No!

Happiness that had been destroyed could not be recreated with a paltry bracelet.

Phelps, the head of the firm and a fairly prominent figure in engineering



"Mistress ain't come home yet, sir. She went off early this afternoon"

circles, was away up North in connection with a Government contract.

Gates, intermediate partner, perceived that something was wrong.

He asked questions.

"H'm, pity," he remarked. "Jill's a nice girl. Fraid I can't suggest anything useful, being an old bachelor. You see, I had a foolish quarrel with the girl that mattered the day before our banns were to be published—and that was the end of my romance. Thirty-one years ago."

At one o'clock Peter kept a luncheon appointment, not because he had any appetite, but because John Snaith, the man with whom the appointment had been made, was an important client.

John Snaith was middle-aged, plump, worldly wise, and genial.

He liked Peter, and he did not fail to notice that Peter ate little and seemed to be suffering from some secret sorrow. But he made no comment concerning these things till coffee had been served and cigars were glowing.

And then, with an encouraging little smile, he said:

"And now, my dear boy, what is it that's troubling you so badly? Wife ill?"

"No," blurted Peter. "Worse than that!"

And out came the whole story.

"**O**H," said Snaith cheerfully, when it was finished, "you mustn't take a mere tiff to heart in this fashion. She's probably as sick and sorry about it by now as you are."

"Follow the advice of an old married man still in love with the girl he married. Pop off home early, and take some little thing with you."

"Flowers would do quite well, in your case—it's the later quarrels that call for more expensive treatment. Women appreciate little attentions because their lives, to a great extent, are made up of little things."

Peter left the office at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at ten minutes past four he opened the garden gate over which Jill had not waved farewell that morning.

He despised himself for doing what all other married men apparently did,

but in his coat-pocket was a little morocco-covered case, and in the case was a bracelet.

The garden was bathed in sunlight, but was deserted. The house, when he entered it, seemed appallingly quiet. He knew instinctively that Jill had gone, and his heart was well on its way to his boots when the sandy-haired maid looked out at him from the kitchen and said:

"Mistress ain't come home yet, sir. She went off early this afternoon."

"I see," gulped Peter. "Did she—er—say where she was going?"

"No, sir," was the devastating reply. "Not a word."

PETER wandered dismally forth into the garden, and ten minutes afterwards he was pacing back and forth upon the lawn, chin down, hands deep in trouser pockets, when the maid ran out to tell him that he was wanted on the telephone.

The news alarmed him, and he sped to the hall fearing he knew not what.

"Yes?" he said breathlessly into the instrument.

"Oh, Peter, is that you?" The voice in his ear was the voice of Jill, and it sounded agitated. "Oh, Peter, I was so afraid I'd lost you. I—I'm terribly sorry about this morning—it was all my fault. I—"

"You darling!" Peter broke in rapturously. "It wasn't your fault at all—it was entirely mine! I was a brute, and—"

"I was a cat!" declared Jill. "Why have you gone home so early?"

"To find you, of course. I couldn't stay at the office any longer—it was torture. Where are you, dear?"

"At your office," she laughed. "I couldn't stay at home any longer. Aren't we two silly-billys? Now what shall I do?"

Peace-offerings! Bribes! Faugh! So much for other married men—and their wives! Peter could have hugged the telephone.

"Stay right where you are, darling," he urged, "in my chair, at my desk, till I can get there. We'll have dinner somewhere—and do a show."

"Lovely!" said she. "Be as quick as you can, won't you? Oh—er—and Peter, I—I've bought a nice new briar pipe for you—a curly one."

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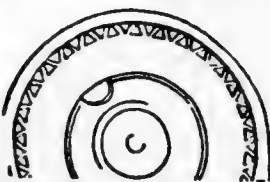
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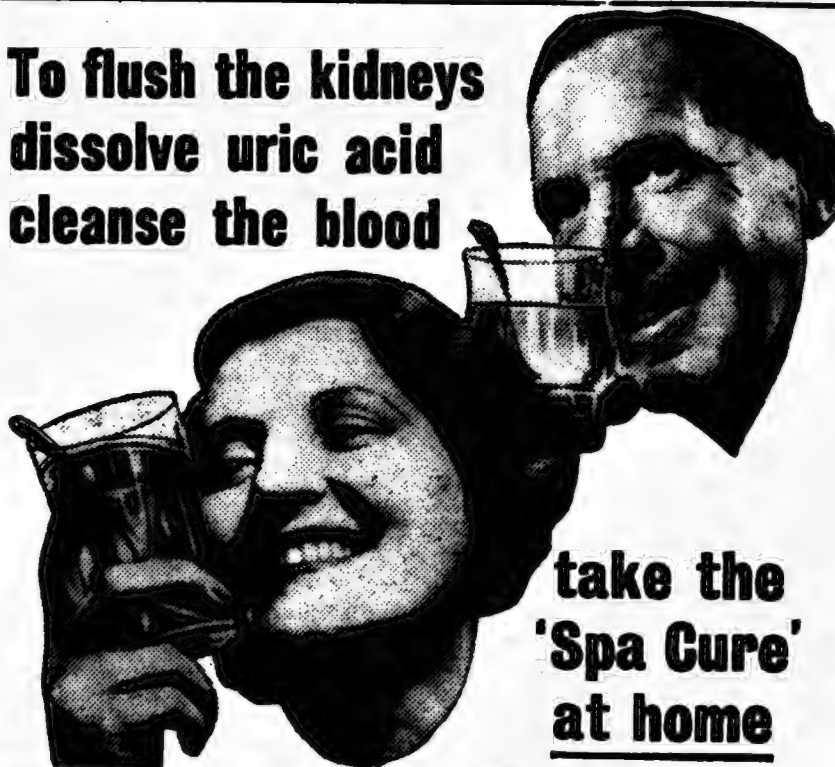
Why even think about cutting down on the old pipe, when an ounce of Afrikander still only costs 1/3 1/2? Try some to-day. Whatever you've paid for tobacco in the past you won't have had more satisfaction, such downright dependability, as Afrikander gives . . . and all for such a moderate cost.

1' 3 1/2
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PERILS of CONFESSION

Sealed lips can spell happiness; confession may mean a lifetime of misery. And sometimes "confession" is a lie invented to win sympathy, a "secret" you shouldn't keep—

says HUMANIST

"I HAVE recently had a sad disillusion," writes a young woman teacher.

"This is my first school after leaving college, and I seemed to be getting on splendidly with my pupils, their parents, and the older members of the staff.

"One very bright pupil, a girl of fifteen of whom I was definitely proud and who always appeared eager to do anything to please me, gave me the shock of my life! She came to me one afternoon to say that her success was due to cheating in examinations.

"I found it hard to believe her and she was badly upset. She cried as if she were broken-hearted.

"When I marked her papers I found her work extremely good. Judging by what I read alone I should have placed her top of the form.

"But after her confession of cribbing I felt I ought to fail her and—very reluctantly—I did so.

"Now I am in trouble with her parents and the headmistress, all of whom think I have failed the girl out of malice. I could not tell them the truth, because I had promised to keep her secret.

"I wonder what you would have done in my place?

"I want to be just, yet I cannot ignore the facts. The problem is worrying me terribly and I should be grateful for an outside opinion."

I am afraid the young teacher will not like my opinion, but since she has asked for it she shall have it.

I don't think the bright pupil cheated in the examination at all. Her confession was "bogus."

She is greatly attached to her teacher and has acted a part merely to get into the limelight. She has made an impression—which is precisely what she wanted to do. When she is older she will laughingly admit it.

The writer of the letter made a mistake when she promised to keep the girl's secret.

If she had been more experienced she would never have agreed to do that. It has put her in a difficult position. She ought to have sent the girl to the headmistress right away.

I advise her to stop worrying about it now, and in future to discourage any bright pupil who tries to establish an emotional friendship.

LATELY, this question of confession has been on my mind.

A short time ago I invited readers' opinions about a wife who wanted to confess to her husband—a confession involving four people, two of whom were happily innocent.

I have never had so many letters about any subject for years. It took hours to read them.

They came from old people of eighty and young people of eighteen.

Analysing the results, I found that slightly more than eighty people out of a hundred agreed with me that silence was best.

Several came from clergymen. I was grateful for those (although they did not all agree with my opinion) and others from officers in the Salvation Army.

One somewhat savage letter came from a man who advised me to read Leviticus 20, 10.

Still, many people who recommended silence realised the need for confession to ease the guilty conscience, and a great number advised that the woman should tell a clergyman, a doctor, or an old friend. This, I believe, is sound advice.

But here are one or two letters which reached me:

"Since the young woman is troubled by conscience," writes a mother of grown-up children, "it would seem that she is a Christian.

"Does she not believe in the forgiveness of God that follows real contrition? Absolution, in fact.

"We are told to repay what we owe. Does she think to repay this wrong by making an innocent man miserable and by wrecking two other lives?

"I am an old woman, much travelled, and have looked upon the world with

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page—without your name, of course.

clear eyes. I have seen cases where selfish hysteria has ruined lives and driven others to sin.

"In one case the confession was made by the man. The woman forgave, but she never forgot. Presently she became that dreadful creature, a nagger.

"A bad-tempered man or a nagging woman will wreck the happiness of a home far more surely than a moral lapse could possibly do. And, how it ruins the children!

"If this young woman were my daughter, I should say: 'Don't brood on the past. Forget it and treat it as if it had never been. Set yourself to making your husband so happy that home is a delightful place.'

There is a great deal of worldly wisdom as well as Christian philosophy in that letter.

HERE is another letter from a young woman:

"Confession will result in lasting misery. Bitter experience has taught me that it is as unwise as it is unnecessary.

"As a young girl I sinned in ignorance, and regretted it; but with the coming of a new romance I felt it was wrong to allow the shadows of the past to endanger the glorious promise of a trusting love.

"With many misgivings I confessed all—to find my fears justified.

"My daydreams of happiness were shattered in a moment.

"Perhaps I gained knowledge, but that was poor recompense for what I lost in making honest confession, which proved to be as indiscreet as it was unwise.

"I strongly advise the sister-in-law to be silent. There is so much unhappiness in the world that to add to it where it can be avoided is unkind.

"Let her keep the secret locked away in a regretful heart, securing consolation for herself in the effort to show increased affection and care for the husband who trusted her."

READERS would be surprised if they knew how many people have made confessions of their own lapses to me.

But in the letter quoted above I believe the young woman was justified in acting as she did.

It would have been mean to postpone the confession until after marriage.

She wanted to make a clean start by being honest about herself, and in her case the confession did not destroy the happiness of others.

The man ought to have admired her courage and sincerity. He ought to have known enough about human nature to understand and to make allowances.

I cannot help feeling that marriage with such a man would be far from happy. He would probably demand too much and give too little.

No doubt it is natural to idealise the beloved one, but the sooner one realises that he (or she) is flesh and blood like the rest of mankind the easier it is to forgive.

One has to be big-hearted as well as broad-minded to make a success of married life.



Perhaps she is cheating—and perhaps she is just pretending in order to attract attention

Magnets Move Marionette Targets For Recruits

THE tank gunner worked feverishly to keep his sights on the distant machine-gun nest as the machine bucked beneath him. He fired, and a cloud of earth spurted. Fifty yards short. A rapid adjustment, and he fired again. Direct hit!

No battlefield this, but a typical scene in one of the big training "hangars" of the Royal Tank Corps, where raw young recruits learn the workings of their complex weapons under "service conditions" before they enter a real moving tank.

The "battlefield" was a miniature landscape moulded in earth, dotted with model houses, railway stations, bridges, tanks, guns, troops.

The "tank" was a fixed chassis stripped of armour and mounted on bearings which rolled and pitched it to produce heavy going.

And the gun fired tiny pellets.

Next door, less advanced pupils were earning in a fixed tank chassis. Around the walls of their hangar a landscape was painted.

A gunner-pupil shouted orders: "Camouflaged gun position, two angles from ruined farm. Range 500. Fire!"

A second later a spot of light showed, well off the target. Again and again each pupil tried, until the light glowed full on the target.

In yet another room tiny model tanks rolled across a modelled sand landscape as pupils moved them at will with concealed magnets. This was the "tactical course."

Not only in the Tank Corps are recruits receiving this sort of valuable preliminary training.

Air Force pilots, bombers and observers, Army gunners and others are

cramping the equivalent of weeks of full-scale or battle training into days.

Thanks to science.

Air bombers learn the use of the complex sights by picking out targets on a moving cinema-film landscape projected below their fixed cockpit. Ingenious apparatus obeys their directions to the "pilot" so that they can apparently move into position above their objectives. Spots of light show where bombs would fall.

Army Co-operation pilots and observers train in a gallery overlooking a huge landscape diorama.

On this they must locate selected targets and radio map bearings to the "gunners." Shell explosions (puffs of smoke) show the accuracy of their directions. They must observe and correct fire until a hit is registered.

On another range modelled in sand, rifle bullets represent shells and kick up real "bursts." Tanks, lorries, guns move by magnet over the model.

Pilots receive preliminary training in a fixed cockpit, complete with instruments, which reacts like the "real thing" to their use of the controls.

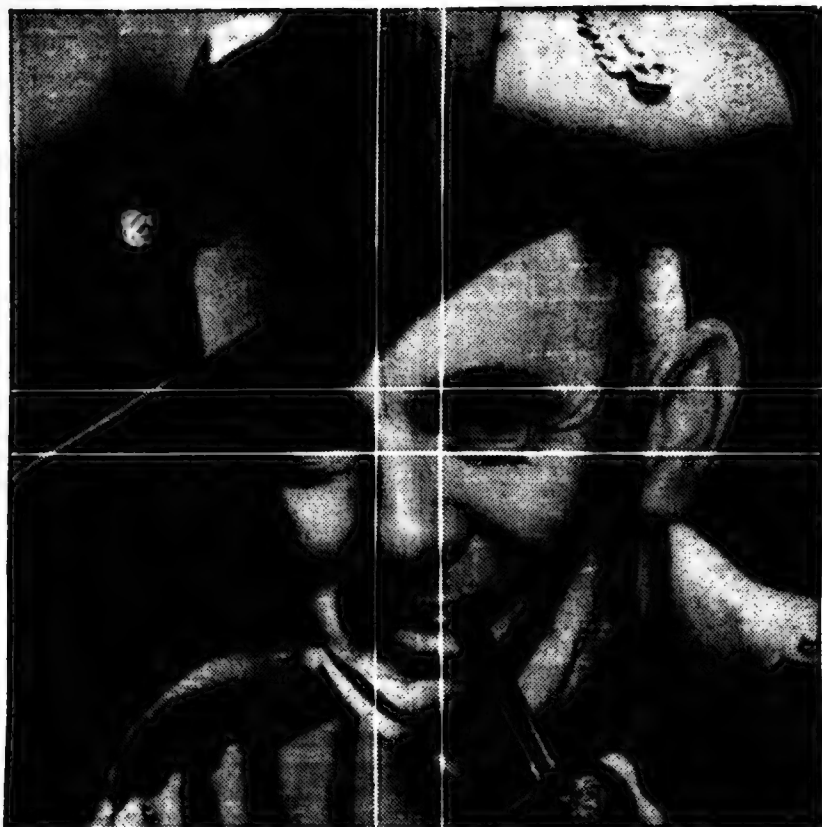
Scenery painted round the hangar provides their horizons.

Recording apparatus immediately shows their faults in control.

Crews of listening-posts must be highly trained—both to identify the characteristic engine-sounds of many friendly and enemy machines, and in the ability to "follow" a high-flying plane with the giant directional sound-collectors.

They are trained first with an ingenious apparatus, which artificially reproduces the different notes in their earphones.

An instructor can change the apparent course of the planes, and the pupils must follow it with their sound-collector controls.



Straight from the 'Aussie's' mouth

Listen, cobber! I don't claim to know more than the next man. But give me a fill o' weed and I'll tell you whether it's Four Square or not. Tastes sort of clean and cool. Quite different from some of these new-fangled tobaccos—too much scent in 'em for mine. That's why I'm sticking to Four Square. A bloke 'd be a mug if he couldn't tell *that* was pure tobacco.

So take my tip, cobber! Next time you're wondering what to buy, put your money on Four Square—a real dinkum smoke that'll stay the course and finish up fresh as it started.



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 Curlies (Purple)..... }
 Mixture—Original (Blue)..... 1/10½
 „ —Medium Light (Blue)..... }

FOR 'VIRGINIA' SMOKERS

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 Ripe Brown (Brown)..... }
 Matured Virginia—Original (Red)..... 1/10½
 „ Virginia—Ready-Rubbed (Red)..... }

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Cuticura
 OINTMENT

MAGIC IN HIS FISTS!

Everyone loved Jim Driscoll, the newsboy who astonished the world. Read of his unequalled career, his courage, skill and generosity, in this week's "Giants of the Ring" article by—

A. W. HELLIWELL

"PEEERLESS" JIM, they called him, and among the many and distinguished bearers of that Christian name in the world of pugilism—"Gentleman" Jim Corbett, "Big" Jim Jeffries, Jim Sullivan, Jimmy Britt, Jimmy Wilde, and a host of others—he holds a proud place.

No one will ever oust him from it, and, indeed, I very much doubt whether the ring will again see his equal.

"Peerless" Jim!

No need, if you are a boxing enthusiast, to tell you more. No need to tell you the full name of this handsome, dark-haired Irish wizard of the art of fistcuffs. For there was only one "Peerless" Jim, only one Jim Driscoll.

One hundred thousand people lined the streets of Cardiff to mourn him, and behind the coffin in which rested the body of one of the greatest little sporting gentlemen ever to lace on a glove followed a melancholy procession more than two miles long.

Prize-fighters and tiny children walked side by side, and there were not many dry eyes among them, for they had all loved Jim.

It was a grand tribute to a man who had once sold newspapers on a street corner in the Welsh city, a man who, in the days of intoxicating fame and fortune, never forgot his lowly beginning.

He had a warm and generous heart that went out to the whole world. So long as Jim Driscoll had a shilling in his pocket it was yours for the asking, and more than once he turned down lucrative offers, to box charity exhibitions.

He should have died a wealthy man, for the magic in his fists and dancing feet earned him many thousands of pounds, but he never could resist an appeal from the needy. The Nazareth Home for Children in Cardiff was especially indebted to him.

As an exponent of the art of scientific boxing he was in a class all his own, so far removed from the next best that Britain has produced that there can be no comparisons.

Just as the fiery glow of a perfect diamond dims the brilliance of lesser gems, so did the superb artistry and ringcraft of "Peerless" Jim overshadow that of his contemporaries.

If you are among those who delight in the flashy, whirlwind tactics of the American school, Driscoll's flawless perfection of style would have meant little to you.

You had to be a connoisseur of the inner secrets of the sport fully to appreciate his immaculate footwork, his uncanny judgment and sense of timing.

In Britain when the Irish Adonis was in his prime there was not a featherweight to match him. He went to America, where he fought the best they could stack against him without disgrace.

He showed such Yankee aces as Abe Attell the power of the English straight left, and did as much as any other fighter to increase our sporting prestige there.

Curiously enough, you will find one of Driscoll's most remarkable perform-

ances listed down towards the end of his brilliant record. That was when he fought the Frenchman Jean Poesy at the National Sporting Club in 1912.

Driscoll was then an old man in the pugilistic sense.

His thirty-second birthday was just around the corner, and he was up against this young and vigorous boy from Marseilles, not much more than half his age, who packed a punch like a mule's kick in either hand.

For half a dozen rounds it seemed that Poesy's youthful exuberance and stamina would prove too much for the old maestro of the leather-throwing business. Then as the spectators watched, expecting to see Driscoll take the hiding of his life, they witnessed a fistic miracle.

It was the miracle of a veteran, infinitely wise in every strategy of the game, cunningly tying his opponent into so many knots that he was bewildered.

Vainly the hammer-fisted Frenchman tried to smash his way through the Irish wizard's astonishing defence, but Jim's gloves and forearms seemed to be everywhere, blocking, parrying and guarding every blow.

So gradually the tables were turned, until Poesy, utterly dazed by the brilliance of the older man, left himself wide open.

And then, moving with the speed of lightning, Driscoll proved that with eleven years of hard scrapping behind him he could still hit with the best of them.

First that rapier left and then his

looping right flashed and down went the Frenchman like a pole-axed bull.

Memorable also is Driscoll's bitter clash with the sneering, cynical Freddie Welsh.

In style these two were poles apart. Jim was the perfect sportsman, relying on his supreme skill, while Freddie, trained in the rough-house methods of the American ring, was less scrupulous.

In the States they have a name for his type of fighter. They call them "ivy-scrappers"—because of their persistent clinging-vine tactics.

Welsh liked nothing better than to get to close quarters and overwhelm his opponent in a fair imitation of a grizzly bear hugging a victim.

UNDER cover of this holding he indulged in all manner of shady tricks, but his favourite weapon was the infuriating taunting sneer which he wore from the moment he ducked under the ropes.

That sneer that had tricked many a better man than he into losing his temper and throwing away the fight.

He tried it against Driscoll, sneering scornfully across the ring in reply to the cheerful smile with which the Irishman greeted him. Ineffable contempt was concentrated in that glance, but it was wasted on Jim, who was too level-headed to be thus fooled into losing the fight before it had begun.

But if Welsh was hoping to see Driscoll rush from his corner in a blind rage he must have been bitterly disappointed, for he boxed with complete and unruffled calm, jabbing his marvellous left again and again into the Welshman's sardonically grinning countenance.

Welsh's hustling tactics, successful enough against less skilful opponents, were useless when matched against Driscoll's peerless style. Each time he rushed in, hoping to entwine the Irishman in that treacherous embrace, Jim's left glove jolted him back on his heels.

Driscoll knew all about Welsh's dan-

Fought Fire In Sky

"GEE, that was a close one!"

Nineteen-year-old Aircraftman Charles Ronald Driver looked at the row of bullet holes that had punctured the side of his turret.

He was the front gunner in a bomber that was trying to blot out one of Germany's most important naval bases. And the Germans were objecting strongly.

A cloud of Messerschmitts buzzed around the bomber flight like angry hornets. Again and again, anti-aircraft guns filled the sky with bursting shells.

There were plenty of targets for the British bombers. And Driver was making the best of them.

* * *

Suddenly a burst of fire from a diving Me. scored a direct hit on his left gun and put it out of action.

At the same time, another bullet passed through the floor, leaving a large hole through which Driver could see the waves below.

Then, just as he had a Messerschmitt fairly in his sights, an anti-aircraft shell burst directly underneath—blowing away the rest of the turret flooring except the bit on which his feet were resting.

Any ordinary man would have taken one look at that gap—through which he was likely to be pitched without warn-

ing—and would have made for the rear of the plane.

But not Driver.

He balanced himself across the hole and went on firing.

A moment later his second gun was put out of action by a direct hit.

At the same time, what was left of the flooring burst into flames.

* * *

As he turned to scramble back to the fire-extinguisher, the smell of petrol flooded into the turret.

Bullets had penetrated the petrol tank and the fuel was flowing towards the fire!

Without thought of himself, Driver leaned over the hole in the floor and beat out the fire with his bare hands.

Severe burns did not stop him from carrying on.

With the petrol tank leaking, there was only one way to keep the plane flying—the hand-pump system.

So, when he had quelled the fire, Driver climbed back and started feeding fuel to the staggering engines with his terribly burned and blistered hands.

* * *

To end the story, after he had been decorated with the Distinguished Flying Medal for his bravery, he confided to a friend:

"I don't know why they gave it to me. It's not as if I'd done anything!"



His brain was as cool as his heart was warm; will the ring ever see his like again?

gerous reputation as an in-fighter, and he knew that so long as he kept the fight at long range he could safely amass an overwhelming advantage in points.

For four rounds he boxed rings round his crafty, sneering opponent—so completely a master of every move in the fight that when Freddie slipped, he sportingly held out his hands to assist him to his feet.

Welsh, still wearing his insolent, twisted grin, ignored this gesture and tore into Driscoll, ripping half a dozen savage blows into the region of the Irishman's kidneys.

Despite the crowd's roar of protest, and the agony that was plain on Driscoll's pale features, the referee ignored the incident.

Then Welsh, growing bolder, repeated the offence and, taking advantage of a split second when he was on the referee's blind side, viciously butted Jim in the face with the crown of his head.

It was dirty fighting, and Driscoll, his face distorted with pain, appealed earnestly to the referee to warn him.

It was not until his repeated protests had been ignored that the Irishman, one of the most sporting fighters the ring has ever seen, finally lost his head and his temper.

He rushed at Welsh in a red rage, forgetting everything in his wild determination to thrash him.

FROM that moment he went after Welsh like a madman, throwing punches from all angles regardless of the finer points of the game of which he was such a skilled exponent.

"Peerless" Jim, the artist of the ring, became a mere rough-house brawler, fighting as crudely as a drunken sailor, butting Welsh with his head as blatantly as the Welshman had done before.

But Jim was not so fortunate. While Freddie had got away with it he was soon pulled up, and it was in the middle of a savage melee that resembled a street-corner battle between two lunatics that the referee finally tore the two men apart and ordered Jim to his corner.

The decision went to Welsh, but it was a tragedy that such a grand sportsman as Jim should have been disqualified for the first and only time in his career after the other's flagrant breaches of all the rules of decency.

The uproar that followed this unhappy decision was proof of this, and within a few seconds of the end of the fight a bare-knuckle battle broke out between the supporters of the two men and the hall was in danger of being wrecked when a wedge of hefty police officers forced their way to the ringside and restored order.

THE LAST LAUGH

WATER (Bagshot).—"I have written a novel. What steps can I take to get it published?" Buy a printing works.

F. N. (Llandudno).—"The common worm can go for a very long time without food." Oh, so that's what our restaurant waitress takes us for!

E. Y. (Faversham).—"I was most annoyed when I discovered that a lot of bogus guests had attended my daughter's wedding." We trust, however, that the bridegroom was genuine.

J. J. (Hampstead).—"When I was in the zoo recently a penguin took a bun out of my pocket. Have you ever had an experience like that?" No. It's the other kind of bill we find in our pocket.

COONER (Bedford).—"I have been singing to the troops on and off for a month." How long are you on before they get you out?



T. N. (Clevedon).—"I cannot understand why some white hens lay brown eggs." Well, what do you suggest they should do with them?

H. H. (Lancing).—"I'm meeting her again on Thursday. Do you think it would be improper to kiss her hand?" We think it would be decidedly out of place!

V. R. (Radlett).—"Could I send you an excellent cigar? It is one that must be smoked with intelligent appreciation." So that's why you don't need it!

P. S. (Burnham).—"Would you have thought it was possible to put a boy in an orchard for an hour without him touching a single apple?" Yes, if he concentrated on plums.

S. B. (Rochester).—"When I came back from my short holiday, I found the lawn thoroughly soaked and littered with milk bottles and meat-bones." It must have been raining cats and dogs.

CHER (Torquay).—"During the recent hot weather, green salads were the first favourites and iced fruit dishes the second." The butter also ran, we suppose?

D. N. (Yarmouth).—"Although I am a very keen pianist, I never put my music before my children." Could they play it if you did?

Mrs. J. (Cheam).—"The man who just hangs about waiting for opening time is a useless member of the community." Try telling an R.A.F. pilot that after his parachute has taken a long time to function.

T. B. (Paignton).—"Civilians in Italy have now been told to rush for safety as soon as the enemy appears in sight." Of course, their Navy thought of that first.

R. V. (Kensington).—"Should it become law for everybody to be at home by 10 p.m., what would all our night clubs do?" No business.

F. T. (Wembley).—"Our vicar plays cards for buttons and we usually beat him." Getting your own back!



Mrs. D. (Tooting).—"I visited several grocers and they all said they had run out of eggs." It is dear little chickens that generally do this.

W. L. (Eppingham).—"My laundry can only deal with soft goods owing to a shortage of starch." But we bet their charges are still stiff.

G. K. (Kettering).—"There is much to be said against the Army methods of to-day." This will come as a blow to those sergeant-majors who are under the impression that they have already said it all.

D. B. (Yorkshire).—"There are wide open spaces all around where I live." Does that mean that all your neighbours have cut their champion marrows at last?

P. K. (Richmond).—"I once caught a fish with my umbrella." We once caught a man with pears.



A. N. (Epsom).—"What do you think I got for an article I wrote the other day?" An envelope to post it in.

T. R. (Rye).—"Field-Marshal Goering recently decorated Count Ciano with a medal." We understand that a plan to return the compliment had to be shelved owing to lack of space.

Mrs. F. (Mitcham).—"My wife is against us keeping fowls, but I think she's wrong and I've ordered some without telling her. What do you think will be her reaction?" See letter below.

Mrs. F. (Mitcham).—"I think we ought to keep some fowls, but my husband is such a contrary man that I have said we won't have any. Do you think the method will work?" See letter above.

M. W. (Kent).—"I hardly like to show my face when enemy aircraft are about." But why should you show such consideration for ruthless Nazis?

Side-Slips: See Page 15

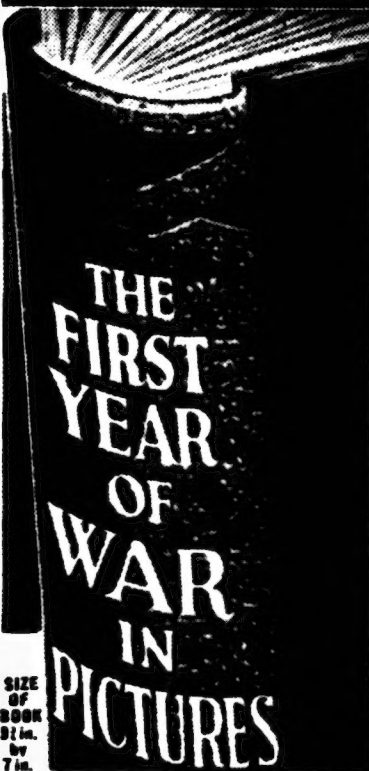


OLD BILL : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Nah then, Robin 'Ood, Remembah! Don't start chuckin' this across the road till you gets the order! Hunderstand!"

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